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WITH SIXTEEN-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, (SIXPENCE.  
ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES. { By Post, 6½d.

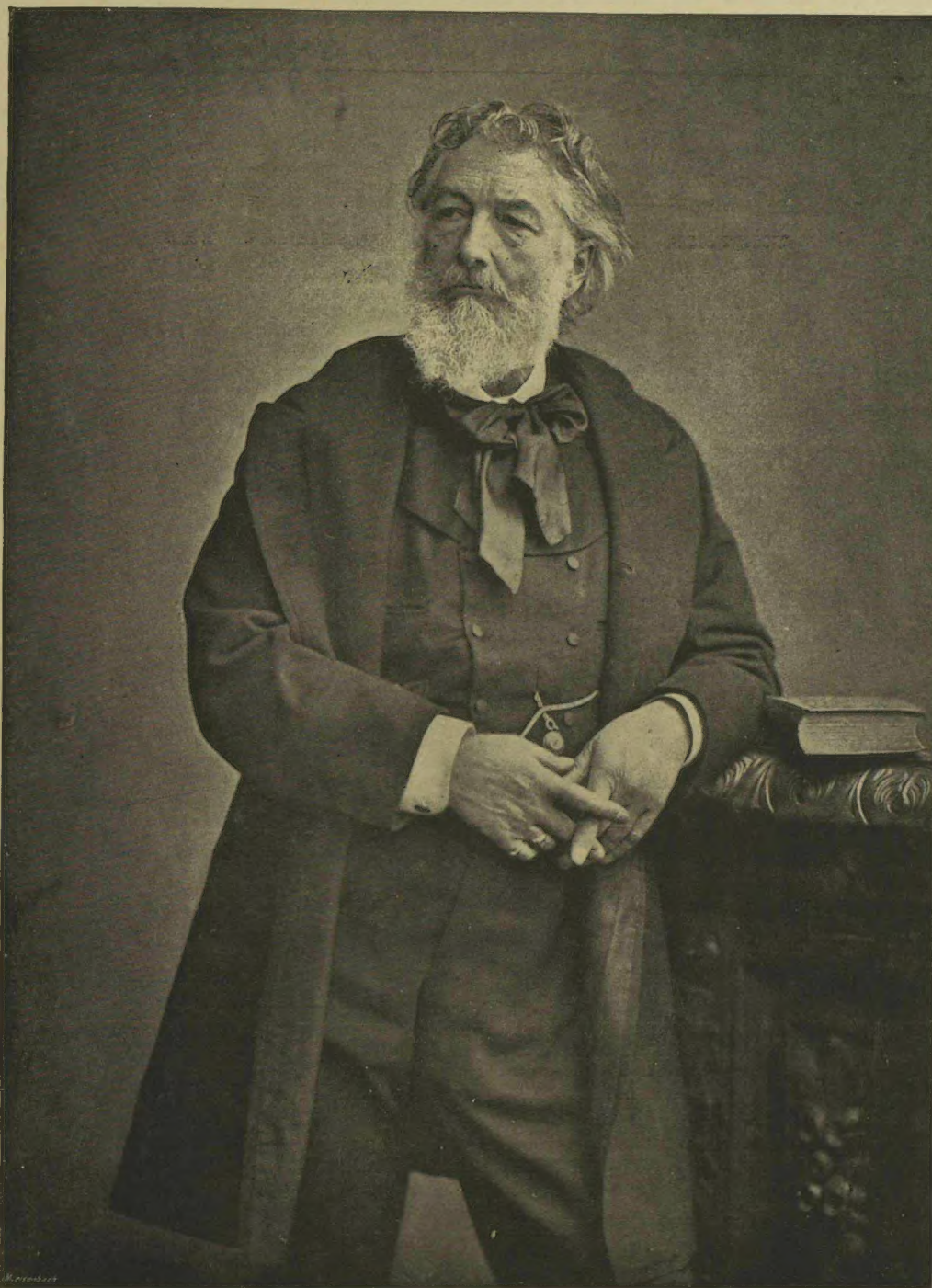


Photo by Walery, Regent Street.

*Henry Taylor*

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is reported that Mr. Deeming—in what he hopes may be considered his lucid intervals—is writing an autobiography. It may be a morbid wish, but one would exceedingly like to read it. It will probably be free from that extraneous matter about his grandfather and grandmother that makes autobiographies in general such very hard reading at their commencement; and he has some really dramatic events to write about. He will have no need to describe imaginary sentiments and pretended passions. His intentions, though by no means “honourable” or very “remote,” may be taken for granted. At the same time, it is by no means certain that he may not condescend to be apologetic, and explain that he had really got very tired of this and that lady before he made investments for her in cement. What would have been invaluable to the student of human nature would have been Mr. Deeming’s diary—the material items of his career, with those cursory reflections upon them such as occur to diarists. But, unfortunately, he did not keep one. “Vanity,” says a great writer, “is more gratified by dedicating its time to the little labours which have a chance of immediate notice than by the honest pages of a volume reserved only to be a future relic of ourselves, when we shall no more hear of ourselves.” Mr. Deeming, no doubt, had private reasons for not setting down in black and white the incidents that befel him—and other people.

This is, one fears, the case more or less with all of us. Even King Alfred, who kept a diary, was so solicitous it should not be read by others—in an age, too, when there were very few who could have taken advantage of the opportunity—that he always carried it in his bosom, whereby most of it got lost. Edward VI. was probably the first professional diarist; he wrote with the evident intention of being read, and, though he died in youth, from what he did write we may safely predict that if he had come to maturity he would have been the greatest prig that ever sat on a throne. James II., after his abdication, “mortified himself,” says one of his apologists, “by the penance of a diary.” A very different composition from that of his contemporary Pepys, who is probably the only man who has described himself (in cipher) as he really was. The bald, disjointed chat of which the diaries of ordinary persons are composed has, unfortunately, set us against that species of composition; it is, moreover, a tedious and wearisome business to write down, however briefly, at night the incidents we may have met with during the day, but there are many of us who regret nothing so much as having neglected this simple task. If we could have known what interesting people we were fated to meet, what delightful talk to hear, we should have “made a note of it,” like Captain Cuttle, and the autobiographies in the language worth reading would not then have been confined to half a dozen. A name, a date, a word or two are quite sufficient to recall a scene which memory, without those aids, can only picture in a blurred, mistaken way.

A cabman who has been recently interviewed makes the surprising statement that there is no difference between the drivers of hansoms and of four-wheelers. “We takes to four-wheelers when we gets old.” This is quite contrary to my experience, which in cabs is very extensive. The two classes have always seemed to me quite distinct and wide apart. The hansom cabman is alert and bright; often impudent, but rarely sullen; inclined to overcharge, but sometimes saying “Thank yer,” even for an extra sixpence; when it is a shilling, he will wax eloquent, and express a benevolent wish that “there were more like you.” The man on the “growler,” on the contrary, is generally half asleep, or, as is more likely, brooding over his wrongs. He does not hear when he is called, and is not pleased when he does hear. No person, however old, who was once alert, could ever become so indifferent to the voice of custom. The distance he is required to drive is always too short or too long for him, and if he knows the way, which is seldom the case, he never remembers your number—he is thinking of his wrongs and their number. He is most importunate in the exaction of his over-dues, and will even climb down, despite an infinity of clothing—it looks as if the whole front seat was coming down—to demand an additional extra sixpence. When he has got it, he says, “It’s a pretty thing, indeed!” but by no means in a laudatory tone, and wants another. At some period of his life it seems almost certain that Schopenhauer must have driven a “four-wheeler” in London, though there is no record of it.

The endeavours by all sorts of nationalities to claim Columbus as a fellow-countryman in view of the Chicago celebration are very amusing. Almost the only people who are out of it—which must annoy them very much—are the Americans themselves, whose ingenuity has not proved equal to the task of claiming kinship with the man who discovered them. The theory that he was a Frenchman is advocated by the French Celebration Committee, upon the ground that Genoa, his birthplace, at that time owed allegiance to France; while it has been still more stoutly contested, on the ground that Colon is a Hebrew name, and Christopher “the almost exclusive property of

converts to Christianity,” that he was a Jew. Professor Rein, because, perhaps, it is wickedly hinted, he is a German, and cannot possibly put in any claim for the Fatherland, has published a work to show that, whatever country Columbus belonged to, he was a very overrated individual. This seems hard upon him, and also upon the United States. A year ago or so there might have been some doubt in this country as to whether the discovery of America was to the general advantage; but the establishment of International Copyright has, let us hope, set that question at rest for ever.

The beautifying of old walls with flowers is a most happy suggestion, for which the *Gardener’s Magazine* deserves great credit. We are not generally much indebted to the botanic authorities for anything but hard names and bad Latin; but this idea, if carried out, will be a public benefit. Even at present an old wall, with its many-coloured lichen and the wild plants that grow in its chinks, is a noble sight. The “flower in the crannies wall” has aroused the admiration of the poet, and given him some of his finest thoughts. And a blank wall—except to the eye of the advertiser—is such a very ugly thing. We are now told that it is possible to “plant” a garden wall—supposing it to have some touch of age—so that it may become a thing of beauty. To look at such a spectacle in the sun (when an east wind is not blowing) is to enjoy life. Wall-gardening will henceforth become a science, and a “gay one,” much gayer than that of criticism. It may be still a question, however, whether even the most highly decorated old wall will bear comparison with even a newish wall with ripe peaches growing upon it. The poet of the seasons we know preferred the latter, and used to eat the peaches with his hands in his pockets.

A “burning question,” we are told, is in course of clarification at Tooting, as to whether golf shall be permitted on a Sunday. The golfers themselves, in their passionate devotion to the game, have called it “imperishable,” and are averse to go back on their word; while their opponents maintain that, if not “perishable,” it cannot, by Act of Parliament, be dealt with on a Sunday. Moreover, being a Scotch game, they argue that the Sabbath should, in any case, be a “close time” for it. As the vicar of a neighbouring parish advocates cricket-playing after service as a moral duty, the local question has become complicated. These Sabbath questions are at once delicate and elastic. I know many places where cricket is played upon a Sunday with the approbation of the clergyman, but where football and hockey are disallowed. I know many a lawn where tennis is played, while the billiard-table within doors is kept religiously in its shroud; and I have seen “Halma” carried on in drawing-rooms where whilst would be firmly tabooed. Some people who object to secular tunes on Sunday have no objection to concerts of sacred music (to my mind one seems as bad as the other, and I go even farther than the Sabbatarians in objecting to both of them any day in the week). But, perhaps, the most curious point in the Sabbatarian conscience is that of time. A divine of my acquaintance, of scrupulous orthodoxy, but who had a weakness for backgammon, would close the board (even if he was beating his wife) at twelve o’clock p.m. on Saturday, and would sit up till midnight the next day to enjoy a few “hits” with her with a clear conscience. This was surely paying attention to the letter (or the figure on the dial) rather than the spirit. Our day, whether it is the sixth or the seventh, is from the time we get up to the time we go to bed—

The best of all ways to lengthen our days  
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my boys,  
says the poet; and, though his statement is contrary to sanitary science, it is in expression quite correct and reasonable. One cannot make two days out of one day, or a Monday out of a Sunday. Hence I never could sympathise with the Scotch gentleman who put his clock back on Saturday night that he might make lawful what would otherwise have been an “unlawful” game. It seems to me, even from his own point of view, an uncalled-for precaution.

The right of “lifting” articles from other journals and incorporating them into “our own columns,” with or without acknowledgment, is in a fair way of being disputed in a court of law. It is not a matter that can be settled offhand, on account of the great variety of the stolen goods, some of which, like wares exposed outside shops, offer temptations almost too great to be resisted. It seems very hard, for example, that “news”—exclusive intelligence for which some enterprising journal has paid very highly—should be appropriated by another without payment; but this cannot happen on the instant, and when news has once been published it may be reasonably contended that it is no news. The same argument may be urged in the case of mere statements of fact: when the statement has once been made, the fact seems, to the common or garden mind, to become public property. It requires something more than delicacy of feeling to abstain from mentioning it, though to mention it without acknowledging the source from which it is derived requires something much less—a certain grossness of false pretence. Where the intrinsic property of these words consists is in the manner of their presentation. There is an obvious difference between the appropriation of news and of a news-letter, of a telegraphic despatch and of an article

founded upon it. In the one case the journal in which it first appears has only paid the carriage of it, however large that payment may have been; sooner or later it must have come to hand by other means. We are not indebted for its existence to the journal in question, though, but for its enterprise, our knowledge of it would have been delayed. But, in the other case—that of the letter and the leading article—they owe their very being to the writer; whatever graces or arguments they may possess are his personal invention, and to adopt them as our own, or to convey them without his leave, is to steal his goods. As a question of justice and fair dealing there can be no doubt on the matter. The conveyer may say to himself: “In quoting this man’s works, and at the same time acknowledging it, I am absolutely benefiting him, because I advertise him.” And it possibly may be so; but he should not say it to himself only, but to the writer (who is, after all, the best judge of what is to his own advantage), or to the proprietor of the journal in which the matter in question appears and has been paid for. I am not speaking, of course, of reasonable extract, but of wholesale quotation; and what is done in the latter way in these days is certainly beyond all bounds.

One very easy and extremely popular method of becoming an author is to publish a selection from the works of other authors. A gentleman who has no turn for original composition imagines that Nature, in compensation for this defect, has given him “literary judgment,” just as we find certain politicians, who are not otherwise brilliant, conceive themselves to be gifted with great “capacity for administration.” He cannot, of course, convey his “selections” without leave, but in asking for it one gets to learn from him how widespread nowadays is the idea that “literature should be as free (to the pilferer) as the air we breathe.” He is quite astonished, nay, disgusted, at any hesitation to let him have for nothing something that is of considerable value, and to which he has no more claim (save for that unknown quantity, his literary judgment) than to one’s watch. A denial he affirms to be nothing less than a malignant desire to restrict the elevation of the public mind; if he descends from this high position it is to say, “But just consider the advertisement my book will give you.” It must be said again that the author—or the owner of the copyright—of the extract required is the best judge of that.

One great advantage, though an incidental one, derived from the establishment of copyright with America, is that it has put a stop to piracy from the British storyteller in England. However doubtful may be the law in the two cases above considered, there has never been any question about the illegality of stealing stories; but some of the cheaper magazines and certain provincial newspapers used to make a practice of taking their fiction from America, which, without their knowledge (or so they said) had been originally derived from English sources. A double piracy was thus committed, and the second act was generally committed with impunity, upon the plea of ignorance. No such plea can be now advanced. On the other hand, it is still not uncommon for certain journals to convey their fiction from the columns of ancient magazines in which the stories were published anonymously. This plan would seem safe enough, and, in a limited area of publication, almost impossible of detection. Fortunately, however, trade jealousy here comes in to aid the cause of justice. Every newspaper has a local rival, and someone in its office is always looking out for a weak spot in its enemy’s armour. The pillaged author is almost certain to get a communication, generally anonymous, but always welcome, which points out his wrongs. “Dear Sir,—Perhaps you may not be aware that the *Stabber*, published in this town, has so great an admiration for your earlier stories in the *Metropolitan Magazine* that it constantly reproduces them. I send you its last issue, which contains no less than five columns of your writing.” Then the *Stabber* learns by experience, and a lawyer’s letter, that if honesty is not the best policy, it is, at all events, the cheapest.

Although the Americans have no titles, in one sense of the term, their language is extremely rich in descriptive appellations, such as “Contractor Buffkins” or “City Officer Patrick R. Kelly.” This is convenient enough, and from an extract from one of their scientific papers it would seem that they propose to adopt a similar plan for the classification of our own House of Lords: “The philosopher known to fame as Sir William Thomson has joined the ranks of the British aristocracy under the new name of Lord Kelvin. He lately took his seat in the House of Lords, introduced by Scientific Nobleman Lord Rayleigh.” “Scientific Nobleman” is good (but there are only two of them); “Literary Nobleman” would be good too (but there is only one of them). There would be less difficulty in this matter in classification than in individualising. “Contested Election Nobleman” would describe a good many peers; “Legal Nobleman” almost as many; the healing art is unrepresented, there are no Medical Noblemen; but, on the other hand, there are plenty of representatives of the wound-giving profession, Military Noblemen. In cases where the original acquirer of a title was a lady of the Court, this system of nomenclature would be a little embarrassing, but otherwise this plan seems very happy.



## THE AVENGERS OF ROMANCE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

I had been reading the newspapers about Behring Straits, and also 'Ivanhoe,' and I suppose I fell asleep. Certainly, I found myself present in the castle of Messrs. Harpers, Franklin Square, New York, U.S., in the midst of a council of armed warriors.

"The square is strongly held," said FitzHiggin: "Edgar de Fawcett commands on the bartizan; Henri de FitzJames watches the sally-port. Think ye that they will venture an attack?"

"Men who will fight for a few imitation sealskins—for, as ye know, these are the *casus belli*," said Matthew de Brauder, "set their lives at a light ransom."

"Nay, 'tis Barings' Straits that stir up the broil," cried Dudley de Warner. "Spell, I pray you, the Barings with an 'a,' not with an 'eh.' Their commercial difficulties, no mere question of an arm of the sea, have lighted this fire. Take ye the jest, my merry men all?"

"A truce to mockery," quoth Guillaume de Howells, gloomily. "Ye know well 'tis neither sealskins nor copyright that hath stirred this feud; the quarrel concerneth books only, and theories of criticism. Heard ye not that the poor insular catiffs have banded themselves under one Robert de Samon—Samon is an island—and have called their league 'The Avengers of Romance'?"

At this moment the telephone bell rang. De Howells sped to the tube.

"Are ye there?" he cried. "Who are ye?"

"De Craddock," was the answer. "An armed band is holding Washington Square. Men are gathering on Fifth Avenue. Look well to your mangonels."

"By St. Tolstol of Muscovy, this waxen warm!" said De Howells.

As he spoke, the high and richly decorated Early English window of the study was shattered, and a Black Arrow, crashing through, stuck, quivering, in the oaken table, perforating an immense pile of manuscripts.

"Muss!" said FitzHiggin, "and a murrain on it! These catiffs mean mischief!" He picked up the arrow. "Faith!" said he, "it hath a scroll on it, and that in rhyme."

"Read it, De Warner; thou art a clerk," said FitzHiggin.

The knight, spelling slowly, read the rude rhyme of the outlaws to this effect (we modernise the spelling):—

*Under my belt I have four black arrows,  
That shall spit ye all as sparrows.*

*One shaft shall De Howells slay  
That spake ill words of Thackeray.*

*The others are for all the lot  
That like not Poe and blaspheme Scott.*

"Now, well-a-day for charity and the Christian graces!" cried George de Curtis, lamentably, "this is an ill world, and grows daily worse. Sirs, I swear upon the blessed relics of St. Emerson that I am innocent of these good knights' hurt, nor ever spake but well of any one of them."

"It boots not," quoth De Brander. "Ho! to the walls! whilst I go torture the English publisher in the dungeon under the lake!"

The steps clanged beneath his armed and iron tread, and presently the yells of the victim betrayed to his comrades that De Brander kept troth.

Each man hurried to his place on the fortifications, where the air was already humming with squibs and other missiles of old feudal warfare.

De Howells took his stand by an immense pile of new realistic fiction, stored in a conspicuous place above the battlements. Below him a crowd of the Avengers were rapidly filling up the moat with the most ponderous novels and criticisms that had recently come from the press. Thousands of stories in the dialects of Arizona, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, and other interesting linguistic districts were being hurled into the moat, which was rapidly overflowing into the Bowery. Knee-deep in the water stood a colossal black knight, lightly attired in the loin cloth of the Bantu race. A slim champion, mounted on a donkey, clad solely in a pair of linen trousers, and garlanded with roses, was everywhere in the throng. They crossed the moat, the sound of the Black Man's axe rang on the ironbound oaken portal, while the slim champion, leaping from his steed, pealed wildly at the door-bell.

"Open, open, in the name of Romance!" they yelled, while the storm of missile weapons hurtled on the walls.

"Now, by my troth!" cried FitzHiggin, "glad I were to hear the horn of Dostoevsky, with his company of Spanish, Portuguese, Muscovite, Italian, and other foreign mercenaries, ringing in the forest. But I only see the lances of the White Company, and the sword of Conan de Doyle smiting among our auxiliaries."

"Claw for claw, as Conan said to the Devil," quoth De Howells; "methinks I will lower the crest of that swart champion." He seized a marlinespike, which chanced to be handy, and, using it as a lever, strove in vain to loosen and dislodge the pile of realistic novels which was stacked upon the battlements.

The sweat stood on his manly brow, his muscles were strained like the cordage of a ship, but the massive editions moved not.

"Back, back, Bulalio!" yelled the slim champion of the rosy crown, "let but one volume of all that bulk strike thee, and, thick though thy brain-pan be, I warrant not thy life!"

But he spoke too late; the pushing of De Howells had stirred a whole edition of realistic Short Stories, which, previously, had never "moved"; a volume smote the giant on the head, and he fell, with a deep square wound bleeding on his temple. A few inches more and, perchance, it had reached the brain.

"Habet!" sneered the wielder of the marlinespike, and his comrades marvelled at his clerical lore.

The Avengers hung dismayed about the moat, when, with a wild cry, De Brander stood on the battlements.

"Treason, treason within the hold!" he shouted. "The fair captive, the author of 'The Leavenworth Case,' has fired the castle! Whole stacks of articles are burning!"

"Nay, if once the fire reach the Magazine, especially the 'Drawer,'" said Dudley de Warner, "we are lost. 'Tis stored with pyrotechnics." And, indeed, several small jokes were heard exploding.

At this awful hour, when the assailants were shrinking back in terror, and the defenders were giving up all for lost, a peculiar silent laugh was distinctly audible.

"Who mooks?" cried FitzHiggin. "Let me brain the churl!" and he looked forth through an arrow-slit.

He saw a strange sight. The Avengers of Romance, throwing down their arms, were welcoming a tall, gaunt figure in

leather stockings, who bore a long rifle of ancient make, and was accompanied by two braves of the Delawares.

With a wave of his hands and a menacing action of his rifle, he held them aloof.

"Can the forest give up its dead?" muttered De Howells,

"'tis *La Longue Carabine*!"

"St. Flaubert to aid!" quoth De Brander, crossing himself,

"'tis the Pathfinder."

"Now, blessed Edmund de Goncourt shield us!" whispered FitzHiggin, "see I not Leather-Stocking, that we deemed long with the Saints! Comes he in peace, or comes he in war, for he is of our nation, but of another faith? I am no coward, but when Leather-Stocking draws a bead on a man, ye may pay for his masses."

Leather-Stocking strode out in full view of the castle.

"Death," he cried, "to the first man who lifts sword or draws bow! What! are ye Mingoes, that ye would slay each other? Hist, Uncas! run for the fire-hose; and thou, Chingach-gook, great snake of the Delawares, look to that fallen nigger! 'Tis a brave knight, and methinks there is life in him yet. And ye within, lay down your arms, and come out. Mr. Blaine has accepted the *modus vivendi*, and Lord Salisbury is appeased. Dinner is ordered at Delmonico's. What ho! Drinks round: and, pantler, see that the champagne be laid in ice!"

On hearing these comfortable words of peace, the foemen fell into each other's arms, the fire was extinguished before it reached the Magazine, and in less than an hour the hostile forces were seated round the same mahogany and were swapping stories.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE LATE DOWAGER GRAND DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

With the death of the aged Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Princess Alexandrine of Prussia, sister to Kaiser Wilhelm I., there has passed away one of the oldest



THE LATE DOWAGER GRAND DUCHESS ALEXANDRINE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

of European royal ladies. As the daughter of Friedrich Wilhelm III. and of his consort, the beautiful Queen Louise, this princess of the house of Hohenzollern formed a prominent link with the past. For the date of her birth, 1803, carries us back to a time anterior to the proclamation of the Empire in France, back to the days when the First Consul was making all the thrones of Europe totter, and her childhood was passed during the years of Prussia's humiliation and oppression under the heel of Napoleon. Her marriage early removed the youthful princess from Berlin to the comparative obscurity of Schwerin. But that old-fashioned corner of Germany to which she came has a dynasty which takes rank among the most ancient princely houses in the western world. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin styles himself also *Prince of the Vends*, and claims descent from the ancient Slavonic rulers of the land, who had their stronghold on an island in the lake of Schwerin, on the very spot where now stands the beautiful Schweriner-Schloss. About a stone-throw removed from it, and in striking contrast with that stately pile, appeared the large, plain old house, built of timber and masonry, in which the Dowager Grand Duchess resided. The royal lady was destined to outlive both her husband and her son, the latter dying in 1893, when her grandson, Friedrich Franz III., succeeded to the rulership. Perhaps it is due to the Slavonic element in the mixed race over which he rules that his subjects should have borne so long with a mediæval form of government. Immense private estates render the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg independent of the Diet, which is chiefly composed of the proprietors of landed estates, the minor nobility. Serfdom lingered long in this out-of-the-way corner of Germany.

A lady who last year visited the late Dowager Grand Duchess in her pretty seaside cottage near Doberan, on the shores of the Baltic, then described her as being still of active mind despite her eighty-eight years. She shared in a large measure in the marvellous physique of her brother, Emperor William I. Our illustration shows the genial, intelligent face of this handsome old-Hohenzollern princess, who passed away on Thursday, April 21.

## SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, BART.

The fruits of fifteen years' assiduous and ever-improving painting are not the only justification of the election of Sir Frederick Leighton for the Presidential chair of the Royal Academy. A man of wide intellectual culture as well as of high artistic sense, he is also a graceful speaker, an able administrator, and a judicious counsellor. To the world at large he is known as the highest exponent of classic art; to a more restricted circle as a stately but always urbane host; while to the students, who naturally look to him for direction and advice, he shows himself a sympathetic teacher and guide. Elected an Associate at the early age of thirty-four, he became a full Academician five years later in 1869, and on the death of Sir Francis Grant, in 1878, he was unanimously selected for the Presidency. The talents which won for him this distinction have ripened with time, and it may be truly said that each successive year has been marked by some work in painting or sculpture which has added to his reputation. Like his confrère W. Bouguereau, who in France on more than one occasion has held an office in some way analogous to that of our President, Sir Frederick Leighton attaches the highest importance to refined colour and careful drawing. The Tuscan school in its golden age has always been his ideal in art, but his wide experience of the art-teaching of other countries besides Italy enables him to appreciate, even if he does not sympathise with, the aims of other schools. When his first important picture—"Cimabue's Madonna carried through the Streets of Florence"—was exhibited in 1855, Leighton's future success was anticipated by all who were able to shake themselves free of the trammels under which English art at that time was labouring, unconscious of its power and destiny. This is not the place to refer in detail to the long series of pictures by means of which Sir F. Leighton has raised the standard of art in this country.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

It is too soon to speak critically of this year's exhibition, or to assign it a place in relation to its forerunners. It may be sufficient to say that, notwithstanding the many difficulties against which artists have had to contend, they have managed to emerge from the struggle with credit to themselves.

From the Supplement given this week, the results of the work of many of the better known artists may be gathered. Mr. Goodall, it will be seen, has once more gone to the East for inspiration, and sends pictures illustrative of both pastoral and artisan life in Egypt. Mr. Yeames has been exploring the little known resources of the Balearic Isles, which at various times have played an important part in our national history. Mr. Vicat Cole has moved a little distance up the Thames, but only as far as Westminster, of which he sends a picture which is a worthy companion of last year's work. Sir John Gilbert is more than usually brilliant and as spirited as ever in his delineation of "A Venetian Council of War," a work which, for colour and composition, a man half his age might have hesitated to undertake. The President is represented by several important pictures, of which that painted for Mr. Tate, from the subject originally intended for one of the lunettes of the dome of St. Paul's, will probably attract the most general attention. Mr. Pettie, with true Scottish feeling, wishes to rehabilitate "Bonnie Prince Charlie" in the eyes of the public, after the serious damage done to his character by recent historians and biographers. Sir John Millais has returned once more to pure landscape, and shows that he can handle the brush as deftly as ever, and his picture, if we mistake not, will recall to their allegiance many of his old followers and admirers who were turning elsewhere for a leader. Mr. Waterhouse, as usual, is terribly recalcitrant but strikingly clever in his treatment of old-world myths; while, on the other hand, Mr. Arthur Hacker, following up his success of last year, touches in a modern but reverent spirit the oft-treated theme of the Annunciation. Mr. Colin Hunter has found a fine subject in the "Burial of the MacDonalds after the Massacre of Glencoe," by the women of the clan, affording him a fine opportunity of showing his treatment of Scottish scenery, which he turns to good use; while Mr. G. H. Boughton finds in North Holland more cheerful proofs of domestic affection, and shows that even where the wind blows keenest and the sea ranges loudest there is still attraction and beauty in the "Home Light," a sentiment which all who study his picture will cordially endorse.

## THE CYCLISTS' TEN-MILE RACE.

Kennington Oval, on Saturday, April 23, was the scene of good performances in the noble modern art and exercise of cycle-working locomotion, under the official auspices of the Surrey Bicycle Club, in the presence of 20,000 spectators, who came mostly, as did the competitors, from different suburbs of London. The most interesting contest was the ten-mile scratch race for the fifth silver challenge cup, to be won three times before it becomes the absolute property of the holder. Before the firing of the pistol-shot for this race, Mr. R. W. Thomas, cycling photographer, of 121, Cheapside, took a photograph, from which our illustration is copied. Mr. G. W. Atkinson was the judge, and John Keen the starter. There were twenty-one cyclists to start, of whom six are named as follows, with figures indicating the order of their relative achievements: U. L. Lambley, Armoury Cyclists' Club, 1; A. E. Good, Catford C.C., 2; A. Du Cros, Irish Champion C.C., 3; F. W. Shorland, New Southgate C.C., 4; E. V. Soanes, Surrey B.C., 5; A. W. Harris, Polytechnic C.C., 6; also W. Woodruff, Stoke Newington, and others.

After a good start, Woodruff took the lead at a good pace for half a mile, when he gave way to Shorland, who, with the lap prize in view, did his level best to lead each time the lap-scorer was passed. He succeeded in scoring twenty-seven laps out of the forty; his occasional bursts with A. E. Good furnishing the necessary element of excitement up to nine miles. The pace was well maintained, though falling short of the exceptionally fine performance of H. J. Howard last autumn in this race.

The second five miles saw only Du Cros, Harris, Good, Shorland, R. J. Halsey, Howard, Soanes, and Lambley competing; and at the completion of the ninth mile a sprint from Du Cros caused Halsey to retire. The Soanes shared the leadership with Du Cros during the last mile, the latter leading when the bell sounded for the last lap, with Lambley in the rear. But Lambley made a tremendous effort, and, overtaking quite five yards in front of A. E. Good, while A. Du Cros took the third place. The time occupied by Lambley in running the ten miles was 29 min. 41 3-5 sec.

The one-mile scratch race for the trophy cup presented by the Sydney Bicycle Club of New South Wales was won by J. N. Still, of the Argey Bicycle Club, whose time, in the final heat, was 2 min. 40 1-5 sec., with thirty yards start. Mr. A. Da Cros, Irish champion, won another race of one mile.



## THE QUEEN'S SOJOURN AT HYÈRES.

Her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, has ended a very pleasant time of repose and recreation in the bright and soft climate of Southern France, occupying, with her suite, the two hotels of Costebelle and L'Ermite, at the hamlet of Costebelle, near Hyères. The town of Hyères and the fine hill scenery around Costebelle, with its most conspicuous feature, the church of L'Ermite, an ancient shrine of pilgrimage, the small English church or chapel, and the inviting drives along



ON THE CHURCH STEPS, HYÈRES.



HYÈRES, THE HILL AND THE CASTLE.

the seashore opposite the Hyères isles, have been described in former notices, and have been partially illustrated by our Artist's sketches. It is understood that her Majesty has expressed a hope to return there next year, liking Hyères much. She has made presents, of her own portrait and of articles of

jewellery, to the Mayor of Hyères, to the proprietor of the Costebelle hotels, M. Peyron, and his wife and son, to the managers, and to the officers of gendarmes and police on duty, and has given money to the curé of Hyères for the poor of that town. On Saturday, April 23, the Prince and Princess of

Wales, with their son and daughters, came from Cannes to stay at the Hôtel Albion, Costebelle, until the Queen's departure on Monday morning. They started, a few hours later, on their homeward journey by Paris to London, taking with them the young children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.



THE QUEEN AT HYÈRES: SUNDAY MORNING AT THE ENGLISH CHURCH, COSTEBELLE.



## ART NOTES.

The flood-time of picture shows is upon us, and in another week all the important exhibitions of the season will be in full swing. The Old Water-Colour Society and the New Gallery have already opened their portals, and demand special notice; but as there are a few minor shows which, if passed by now, will not find the attention they deserve, we reserve our detailed account of the contents of the larger galleries for a future occasion. Meanwhile, it may be well to say that the Old Water-Colour Society shows the best sign of age-maturity; while its influence is strong enough to impress even upon its youngest Associates the principles of art upon which the society has founded its right to represent English water-colour art. The veteran President, Sir John Gilbert, sends "A Standard Bearer," who bears a strong family likeness to one who, by the skill of the same artist, lived upon canvas fifty years ago; and Mr. Carl Haag contributes "A Marriage Procession in Damascus," which, if open to criticism as to details, is, nevertheless, a striking instance of luminous effect and minute work. The two new-comers are Mr. Lionel Smythe and Mr. Robert Little, both of whom fully justify their selection, the former by his "In Safe Keeping," a chubby child packed away among the cut hay, with a sharp-looking dog for protector; and the latter by a delightful Scotch landscape from the neighbourhood of Largo, as well as by a snow effect in Bayswater. Mr. Robert Allan, Mr. George Clausen, Mr. Albert Goodwin, Mr. M. Hale, and Mr. H. C. Waite are among a few of the others who sustain the best traditions of the Old Society.

The three pictures selected on the present occasion show that figure-painting ranks not less high in the esteem of the Old Society than landscape and street subjects. Sir John



"HEARD MELODIES ARE SWEET;  
BUT THOSE UNHEARD ARE SWEETER."

EDITH MARTINEAU.

IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS  
IN WATER COLOURS.

Gilbert, with, perhaps, the most limited palette of any living artist, succeeds in producing effects of light with consummate skill, while he never becomes dull or monotonous. Mr. Birket Foster, resuming the broader style of painting by which he first attracted notice, contributes a striking view of Loch Maree, embosomed among the mountains, bright with autumn heather. Miss Martineau has honestly earned her place among the Fellows of the Old Society, her work being always conscientious, thorough, and attractive; and this year she displays, both here and elsewhere, that she is not content to rest her claims upon her past work, but to push onwards and to achieve success in other branches of her art.

The New Gallery, while it contains some very noteworthy pictures—landscapes as well as portraits—also betrays the fatal effects of private and irresponsible management. Had it not been for the circumstances under which the Gallery was started, and the widely advertised zeal of the promoters for art for art's sake, one could pass by the inevitable relaxation of principle which such an exhibition as the present betrays. Personal, not artistic, considerations must have determined the selection of at least a score of works which find a place on the walls, and one regrets that the space thus occupied had not been devoted to pictures by some of the younger men, whose hopes of recognition by the Royal Academy are still too remote to make it obligatory on them to send their best work to Burlington House. There are, of course, a few who, like Mr. Watts and Mr. J. J. Shannon, have the courage to send their most successful pictures where they are sure of being noticed; but, as a rule, both Academicians and aspirants feel bound to support the officially recognised exhibition. On a future occasion we shall have an opportunity of speaking of the pictures severally, but in the meanwhile we may mention that

the chief honours of the year at the New Gallery are carried off by Mr. Watts and Mr. Alma-Tadema among the Academicians, by Mr. G. H. Boughton and Mr. W. B. Richmond among the Associates, and by Mr. J. J. Shannon, Mr. Donovan Adams, Mr. William Padgett, and Mr. Albert Moore among the outsiders.

The Society of Lady Artists, which is now holding its annual exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, has a more varied display than usual, and, as is generally the case, the water-colours are not only superior in number but also in quality to the oil pictures. Among the latter Miss Mabel Young's "Sermon-Time" (two charity-school children, of whom one is happily asleep), Miss Annette Elias's "Potato Field," and Miss Osborn's "Kingfishers at Home" (a reminiscence of the Norfolk Broads) are the most noteworthy. Among the works of the painters in water-colours the architectural studies in old towns by Miss Louise Rayner, the seascapes on the Antrim coast by Miss H. O'Hara, the English landscapes of Miss Patey Townsend, and the Normandy studies of Miss Melicent Grose are worthy of notice, although we must hasten to add that the picture of the Cornish village of St. Ives is by far the most important and successful work of the last-named lady. Mrs. Emily Crawford's "By Annan Water," Miss Edith Sharpe's "Boats at Newlyn," Miss M. Noyes' "Breezy Path," and Miss Hensman's "Widow" show considerable promise, and rise far above the level of purely amateur work: and it is unnecessary to more than mention the names of Miss Edith Martineau and Miss Kate Maucalay, who have already achieved in the open field a position among water-colour artists. We are glad to see that the Lady Artists are taking up the too much neglected art of miniature-painting, in which Miss Ellen Partridge displays very considerable skill, some of the portraits she exhibits having all the softness and refinement needed to give such charm to this branch of portraiture.

Under the same roof with the Lady Artists are to be found the pictures of the New English Art Club, which this year display very much greater restraint—both in motive and treatment—than previous exhibitions have prepared us for. The society, moreover, seems to have widened its borders and admitted to its sacred precincts even hardened "traditionalists" of the Old Society like Mr. Herbert Marshall, and worshippers of Burlington House like Mr. Hope MacLachlan or Mr. J. J. Shannon. The leading characteristic of the New

by the whiteness of its surroundings. The most characteristic work, however, is Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy's study for a portrait in open air, in which the value of the figure against the light and trees is admirable, although the bright shadows of the dress are absurdly exaggerated. Mr. C. W. Furse's full-length figures of ladies are, in truth, very much like Whistler's without his talent; and Mr. Moffat Lindner's "Storm Clouds" are like those of the late Mr. Cecil Lawson without their illumination; Mr. D. S. MacColl's unobtrusive studies



"A STANDARD-BEARER."—SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.  
IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

of "Storks" and "Umbrellas" are not only delicately fanciful but more poetically "impressionist" than half the laboured work in the room. They show, moreover, within what limits the aims of the new school might with advantage be confined, and its productions made acceptable to the world at large. Mr. Fred Brown's "Study of a Head," Mr. George Clausen's "Spring Flowers," Mr. F. Bate's portrait of Mr. J. Copeland, Mr. Laidlay's "Evening Mists," and Mr. Paul Maitland's "Oakley Crescent," a clever imitation of modern French work, are all worthy of notice.

The second series of pictures of the Land of the Rising Sun by Mr. John Varley, now on view at the Japanese Gallery (28, New Bond Street), show no falling off in power or interest. Like the former series, they show us much of the daily life of



"LOCH MAREE."—BIRKET FOSTER.  
IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

English School is not so much that they fail to recognise the limitations of painting (for, as a matter of fact, its most devout followers seldom go beyond their first impression); but that they deliberately mar the effect of their own work. For instance, Mr. Herbert Marshall very justifiably places in a white frame his "Snow Effect at Whitehall," with a dingy pall of fog overspreading everything; but Mr. Walter Sickert simply kills every vestige of colour in his study of Dieppe

the most interesting nation in the East, and give a faithful transcript of the conditions under which its people live and have attained a civilisation wholly independent of the rest of the world. The present exhibition is supplemented by an interesting collection of drawings—chiefly of birds and animals—by a Japanese artist, Watanabe Seitei, to whom was entrusted the decoration of the ceiling panels of the Imperial Palace at Tokio. His work is most delicate, and his designs most fanciful.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, arrived at Darmstadt on April 26, a little before half-past nine, having left Hyères on the previous day, travelling by Marseilles, Dijon, Belfort, and Strasburg.

Her Majesty, says the Court Circular, left Costebelle with regret, having enjoyed her stay in the beautiful country very much, and having met with the greatest attention and kindness during her sojourn at Hyères. The way in which her wish for privacy was respected added greatly to her comfort and enjoyment.

The Queen was received on arrival at Darmstadt station by his Royal Highness the Grand Duke, Princess Henry of Prussia, Princess Alix of Hesse, Prince Henry and Prince William of Hesse, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein. Her Majesty's reception was otherwise strictly private, on account of her own and the Grand Ducal family's deep mourning. "The return to Darmstadt, where she has come at the earnest invitation of her dear grandchildren, is very trying to her Majesty, after the recent sad loss of her beloved son-in-law, the late Grand Duke Louis." The Queen drove direct to the Neue Palais.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince George, and Princess Victoria of Wales dined with her Majesty on Sunday evening, April 24, at Costebelle.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, travelling under the name of the Earl and Countess of Chester, arrived in Paris on April 26. During their stay their Royal Highnesses, who are accompanied by Prince George and their daughters, will preserve a strict incognito.

In accordance with the Queen's particular wish, says *Truth*, the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family are returning to England from the Riviera, and they will probably reside at Marlborough House until the middle of next month, before proceeding to Copenhagen. The King and Queen of Denmark, and the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud, are to arrive at Gmunden on June 30 on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. The Prince of Wales will go to Sandringham in a few days for a short time, to inspect the progress of the improvements which are being carried out in the house and garden.

The dovescotes of the ladies who are working energetically for women's suffrage have been flattered by Mr. Gladstone. In a letter to Mr. Samuel Smith, which has been published as a pamphlet, Mr. Gladstone strenuously opposes the extension of the Parliamentary franchise to women. He maintains that the mass of women have no desire for this change, and that its ultimate issue would be the assertion of a woman's right to sit in Parliament and hold any office of the State. It is quite certain that the vast majority of men are not disposed to admit that a lady may sit on the Treasury Bench and discharge the duties, for example, of Minister of War, or that a Cabinet may govern the country by virtue of the support of a preponderance of female electors.

Mr. Gladstone's intervention has excited the wrath of Lady Florence Dixie, who, in the course of a vivacious epistle, declares that men are "the lesser half of humanity," and that they owe to women what "little sense" they possess. No doubt Lady Florence is quite prepared to take command of the Channel Fleet, but the "little sense" which is possessed by men is not likely to be convinced by her assertion of feminine superiority in the whole sphere of human activity. Sir Albert Rollie's Bill, which aims at the enfranchisement of those women only who already exercise the municipal and County Council suffrage, has given bitter offence to the champions of the complete emancipation of woman. They denounce it as a "middle-class" Bill, as an insult to the wives of working-men, and especially to female lodgers, who are excluded from its scope. A meeting at St. James's Hall brought out this division in the ranks of the women's suffragists in sharp relief. But the Bill itself never had any chance of being accepted by the House of Commons.

Parliament has returned to work after the holidays as unwillingly as a schoolboy. The illness of the Chancellor of the Exchequer has postponed the Budget resolutions, and the Government have been struggling with their Indian Councils Bill against a sudden upheaval of Dr. Tanner. Sir James Fergusson made the important announcement that a Royal Commission would be appointed to inquire into the whole question of coast communication. This is excellent, but what possessed the Postmaster-General to deny that in telegraphic communication between lighthouses and life-boat stations England is behind several foreign nations? The fact is notorious, and our backwardness in this matter is a national disgrace. Sir James Fergusson was so ill-advised as to pooh-pooh the idea that the proposed improvement in coast communication would save many lives. Why a Minister who admits the necessity for a great reform should do it with such a singularly bad grace is one of the mysteries of our bureaucracy.

In a speech at Derby, the Duke of Devonshire argued that, if Mr. Gladstone should form a Government after the General Election, a Home Rule Bill could not be passed without another appeal to the country. The Protestants of Ulster, in the Duke of Devonshire's opinion, would be quite justified in offering "a passive resistance" to the enactments of an Irish Parliament. The Unionist leader once more demanded an explanation of

Mr. Gladstone's plan for dealing with this and other difficulties. It seems unlikely now that the anticipated debate on Mr. Blane's Home Rule motion will come off, as Dr. Clark has priority, on May 6, with a resolution which may cause Mr. Blane's to be ruled out of order.

Pessimism as to the condition of the British Army will not be lessened by Dr. Hambleton's report on the physique of Tommy Atkins. According to this authority, the most elementary means for maintaining physical vigour among the soldiers simply do not exist. Dr. Hambleton contends that half a million a year is lost to the nation chiefly on account of the prevalence of consumption in the Army. He proposes a thorough system of physical recreation for recruits, who at present are weedy when they enlist, and are so tightly encased in the regulation uniform that their chests have no chance of expansion.

Mr. Burt has been giving excellent advice to the Miners' National Union about the expediency of referring disputes to arbitration instead of rushing into strikes. The temper of the Durham miners, however, remains unconciliatory, although the executive of their trade union have been negotiating with the employers. If any compromise is to be effected, the coal-owners insist that it shall be based on a ten per cent. reduction of wages, which shall hold good till the end of July.

The funeral of Dr. Allon, the eminent Congregational divine, took place on April 21 at Abney Park Cemetery, the funeral service being held in Union Chapel, Islington, and attended by more than two thousand people, including several clergymen of the Established Church. The funeral procession left the chapel at half-past three o'clock. An immense crowd of people had assembled in Compton Terrace, and the blinds of the houses along the whole route to the cemetery were lowered. The procession, which consisted of an open hearse drawn by four horses and about eighty carriages, reached the cemetery shortly after four o'clock. Thousands of people were waiting its arrival. The coffin was here plainly seen, many of the wreaths having

and at Budapest all labour demonstrations have been forbidden.

It was feared that the Paris Anarchists would make some demonstration on the occasion of the trial of Ravachol, which took place on April 26, but it was not anticipated that a serious outrage would be committed, as it was hoped that the recent numerous arrests had had a deterring effect on the Anarchists. The worst anticipations, however, were realised on Monday evening, when, at about half-past nine o'clock, the restaurant of M. Véry, where Ravachol was recognised and arrested a few weeks ago, was destroyed by a terrific explosion. Unfortunately in this case, contrary to what occurred on previous occasions, the outrage was accompanied by serious injuries to several persons. M. Véry, whose leg was shattered by the explosion, received frightful wounds, as did also several people who happened to be in the restaurant at the time of the explosion. Lhérot, the waiter who recognised Ravachol, escaped with a slight bruise, but Madame Véry, who was uninjured, was so terribly frightened that she lost her reason, temporarily it is hoped.

Poor M. Véry's life has been a misery to him since the capture of Ravachol in his house, and only a few days before the explosion he had applied to the Ministry of the Interior for a grant of 10,000 francs, on the ground that his business had been ruined, that no one would accept him as a tenant, and that he went in fear of his life, as the Anarchists had several times threatened him. That their threats were only too seriously meant the outrage of April 25 is a terrible proof; but it seems strange, to say the least of it, that the Paris police did not afford better and more efficacious protection to M. Véry. It will have to be explained how a bomb or infernal machine could be deposited in a restaurant which was, or should have been, closely watched by detectives.

The trial of the Paris Anarchists resulted in a verdict of guilty against Ravachol and Simon, but with extenuating circumstances. The other three prisoners, Chaumentin, Béala, and Mariette Soubert, the jury found to be not guilty. The presiding judge then sentenced Ravachol and Simon to penal servitude for life, notwithstanding the recommendations of the jury for leniency.

Germany has narrowly escaped a Ministerial crisis. General von Kaltenborn, Stachan, the War Minister, who disagreed with Chancellor von Caprivi, tendered his resignation, which the Emperor declined to accept, as, some time ago, he refused to allow Herr von Bötticher to retire. In the case of the last-mentioned statesman, the cause of his intended retirement was also a disagreement with the Chancellor's views, so that people in Germany are wondering whether the Emperor, by supporting his Ministers in their opposition to the Chancellor, intends to drive him into resigning. It is quite possible that the Emperor only wishes to emphasise the fact that he is his own Chancellor, and that the nominal holder of the office is only a figure-head.

Prince Bismarck has so often prosecuted or caused to be prosecuted numbers of his countrymen that his appearance as defendant in a court of justice will be to him a new experience. Herr Fusangel, a newspaper editor of Bochum, has, we are told, instituted proceedings against the ex-Chancellor, from whom he claims damages for certain uncomplimentary expressions used by Prince Bismarck.

On April 24 the population of Vienna turned out in force to witness the unveiling of the statue of Marshal Radetzky, the hero of Novara, when there was a great display of enthusiasm and of military pomp, as a matter of course. The Emperor, accompanied by the Archdukes and Archduchesses, was present, and complimented the sculptor, Herr Zumbach, on the success of his work. Radetzky, as is well known, defeated the Sardinian army at Novara in 1849, and the result of his victory was that Lombardy and Venice became Austrian possessions. What remains now of the glorious achievement of the splendid old soldier?

The situation in Dahomey is getting more serious every day. The Dahomeyans are marching on Porto Novo, and an attack is impending. All that the French can do for the present is to remain strictly on the defensive, as in this season active operations by European troops are out of the question, and the French cannot assume the offensive until November. The French papers have been studying the Ashantee War lately, and have given as an example of how things should be managed the vigorous campaign so ably conducted by Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley in 1872-3. One of them has reproduced long extracts of the order of the day issued by Sir Garnet Wolseley before the march on Coomassie began.

The Ministerial crisis in Italy has been settled by the Ministers withdrawing their resignations, with the exception of Signor Colombo, the Minister of Finance, whose portfolio is held by Signor Luzzatti until the appointment of Signor Colombo's successor. This is at best but a postponement of the crisis, for the Ministry of the Marquis di Rudini has been much weakened by past events.

Bulgaria is again attracting attention. Within the last few days, acting on information received from the Turkish Commissioner to the Bulgarian Government, the Rustchuk police, on searching the house of an Armenian named Garabet, found a number of bombs loaded and ready for use. This discovery led to several arrests, and a subsequent inquiry showed that there was a conspiracy directed against the Bulgarian Government, Prince Ferdinand, and, it is also said, the Sultan, which, thanks to the timely action of the police, has been nipped in the bud.

At Turin the police have arrested a number of Anarchists,



THE GRAVE OF DR. ALLON IN ABNEY PARK CEMETERY.

been removed. The inscription upon it is: "Henry Allon, D.D. Born Oct. 13, 1818. Died April 16, 1892." The walls of the grave were lined with evergreens and firs. After prayers had been offered up by Dr. Boothe, the Rev. W. H. Harwood, and the Rev. Brooke Lambert (Vicar of Greenwich), the coffin was reverently lowered into the grave.

As might have been expected, a coroner's jury has found that the disaster at Hampstead Heath Station on Easter Monday was due to the inadequate arrangements of the railway company on a public holiday. Probably this will have the effect of making at least one railway station safe in future. The jury might have gone further and expressed their surprise that the police authorities did not think it necessary to take special precautions against overcrowding on Easter Monday. Had there been enough police on the spot, the crowd would never have been allowed to make a death-trap on the staircase.

Two alleged Anarchists have been arrested in London on a charge which relates chiefly to the circulation of a print called the *Commencement*. The burial of Mrs. Mowbray, wife of one of the accused, was made the occasion of an Anarchist "demonstration," which was not of a formidable character. It is stated that about a hundred Anarchists have arrived in London from France, but there is no apprehension of any outbreak.

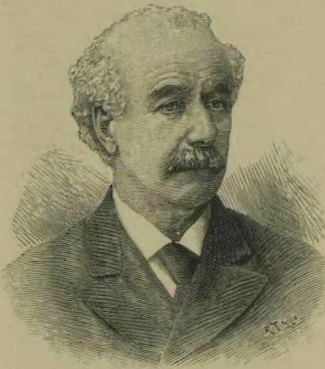
As May 1 draws near, the anxiety and uneasiness are increasing, especially since the Anarchist outrage of which Paris was the scene on April 25. It is rather difficult for people in this country to realise the state of alarm in which the inhabitants of a few great European capitals have been thrown by the recent Anarchist outrages, the discoveries of bombs and explosives in various towns, and the numerous arrests which have taken place, thus proving the existence on the Continent of a widespread international Anarchist conspiracy. In Paris consternation prevails, and a large number of people have made up their minds to spend May 1 in the country. In France and in other countries precautions have been taken by the military and police authorities to prevent disturbances, and to restore order should riots take place, as at Fourmies last year.

At Turin the police have arrested a number of Anarchists,



## PERSONAL.

A vacancy in the representation of London has been caused by the death of Sir Lewis Pelly, the Conservative Member for North Hackney.



THE LATE LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR LEWIS PELLY.

He served in the Persian Campaign of 1856 as General Jacob's secretary, and thenceforward his usual line of employment was in a political rather than a military capacity. He served in turn at Teheran, Herat, Beloochistan, and Afghanistan, and rounded off a series of important missions by his appointment as Political Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar. His most notable work at this period, however, was his eleven years' residence in the Persian Gulf, where he had to put down piracy and keep the riotous native tribes in order. He joined diplomatic pursuits with an interesting literary excursion in the shape of a collection of the poems relating to the familiar Eastern tragedy of the deaths of Hasan and Husain, the grandsons of Mohammed.

Sir Lewis Pelly's next position was that of Agent to the Governor-General in Rajpootana. In 1874 he had to arrest the corrupt and unscrupulous Gaikwar of Baroda, and take over the government of the country. His services earned him his K.C.S.I. He was on more debatable ground during the negotiations which preceded the Afghan War, but he did his work with his usual ability, and shortly afterwards he retired with a K.C.B. In 1885 he entered Parliament, with a majority of over 400, as Member for North Hackney, and retained his seat in 1886 with a largely increased following. He was a very regular and diligent member, and spoke occasionally on questions of Indian and foreign policy, but he never aspired to a prominent Parliamentary position. He died at the age of sixty-seven.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw has a keen instinct for a humorous situation, and he never had a happier opportunity for the display of his peculiar gifts than was afforded by the St. James's Hall meeting of supporters of women's suffrage. The meeting was nominally designed to give moral weight to Sir Alfred Rollit's Bill—it actually proved to be an occasion for the exercise of Mr. Bernard Shaw's diverting genius. Mr. Herbert Burrows came with a contingent resolutely bent on declaring that the Opportunist measure of Sir Albert Rollit was an insult to woman. Here was Mr. Shaw's chance. Himself an extremist to the uttermost limits of fantastic hypothesis, he gravely posed as an advocate of the maxim that half a loaf is better than no bread. This spectacle seems to have excited uproar, which ended in the breakage of the reporters' table, the dissolution of one meeting, and the creation of another. Yet above the tumult Mr. Bernard Shaw reared triumphant in his masquerade as a practical man.

The Bishop of Saskatchewan and Calgary, who is in England seeking the funds to secure the separation of the vast twin dioceses under his care, belongs to an unfamiliar order of Colonial bishops. He is among those prelates who have been called from an incumbency at home to wholly strange duties in a distant colony. Dr. Pinkham is one of the many good men trained at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. From there he went out to Manitoba, in connection with the S.P.G., and was ordained by the Bishop of Rupertland in 1868. The whole of his ministerial life has been spent in the Far West, partly in pastoral work and partly in supervising educational institutions in Manitoba. The Archbishop of Canterbury recognised his labours by giving him a Lambeth degree in 1880, and, two years afterwards, he was made Archdeacon of Manitoba and Canon of Winnipeg. He was consecrated Bishop of Saskatchewan in 1887, the diocese of Calgary being added in the following year. The Bishop's figure is already getting familiar among London Churchmen, with whom his strong vigorous frame and frank speech suggest the life of the missionary prelate. The Bishop is having great success in dealing with the Indians in his diocese, many of whom are under careful training to act as teachers or clergy among their own people.

The death of Sir James Joseph Allport, at the Midland Hotel, St. Pancras, from a sudden and sharp attack of



THE LATE SIR JAMES JOSEPH ALLPORT.

inflammation of the lungs, removes a very notable figure in the history of railway development in England. His long life of eighty-one years covers the whole story of the rise of the Midland Railway. If one man can ever be said to build up a great enterprise it was Sir James Allport. He was its manager when it was the little Birmingham and

Derby Railway, mostly devoted to goods traffic, and never dreaming of an extension to London and a passenger service across England. Thanks to Mr. Allport, however, the forward step was taken by an extension to Bristol. Then the great

line—again at Mr. Allport's suggestion—crept Londonwards to Bedford, and finally to the great terminus at St. Pancras.

Sir James's next fertile suggestion was the development of the third-class traffic. The early railway policy was in the direction of discouraging third-class passengers by high rates and bad accommodation. Sir James changed all this. He obtained the concession that all trains, express or parliamentary, should include a service of third-class carriages, at a uniform fare of a penny a mile. Then came the final experiment of abolishing the second class. It was a revolution, and nearly the whole railway world denounced it. Its success, however, was immediate and lasting. Sir James retired from the management of the Midland in 1880, and was elected a director and presented with a large sum of money. He was knighted four years later. He never took much part in politics, but was a Liberal with strong Unionist leanings, and was, indeed, to have been present at the Duke of Devonshire's meeting at Derby on April 25. His death was due to a chill caught on Easter Monday.

The Anglican Church in Canada has just lost one of its most active prelates by the death of the Right Rev. James William Williams, Bishop of Quebec. The diocese is one of the oldest among the Colonial sees, for it was founded in 1793. But its work has always been one of much difficulty, since five-sixths of the population are French. Of these, a large number lead hard lives as fishermen on the coast, where, however, the Bishop and his clergy have always worked zealously among them. A recent letter spoke of the mingled perils and pleasures of pastoral work on the rough coast of Labrador. Nights at sea in an open boat; detention in out-of-the-way places by stress of weather; little services where "two or three" were gathered together—these were some characteristics of an apostolic journey which extended over 2800 miles. Dr. Williams was educated first at Crewkerne School, whence he proceeded to Pembroke College, Oxford. He took a third in classical "Greats" in 1851, and in the same year was ordained by the Bishop of Oxford. After a few years of service in Bucks and in Somersetshire, he went out to Canada as Rector of the Grammar School, Lennoxville. In 1862 he became a professor in Bishop's College, Lennoxville, which is the Training College for the dioceses of Quebec and Montreal. In the following year he was consecrated to the see of Quebec, although he had been but twelve years in orders. The Bishop was an indefatigable worker, in whom the missionary spirit was strongly developed.

By the death of Mr. William Chaffers, at his residence in West Hampstead, aged eighty, England has lost an



THE LATE MR. WILLIAM CHAFFERS.

eminent archaeologist and antiquary. Mr. Chaffers was born in Watling Street, in 1811, was educated at Merchant Taylors' classical school, under the old régime, Dr. Bellamy being Head Master. He was the author of some of the best-known standard works on ceramics and gold and silver plate published during the past fifty years, and his great fund of anecdote on the reminiscences and vicissitudes of art made him everywhere a welcome guest. The veteran antiquary's great field of labour, however, lay in the organisation of art exhibitions, and his valuable aid was secured either as superintendent or general manager at Manchester, 1857; Leeds, 1858-9; South Kensington Museum (special loan exhibition of plate), 1862; Dublin, 1872; Wrexham, 1876; and, lastly, at Hanley, Staffordshire, 1890. Like his father before him, Mr. W. Chaffers was Father of the Worshipful Company of Wheelwrights, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries as far back as 1843.

By the recent death of Mrs. Henrietta Roebuck, at Sevenoaks, politicians will be reminded of the career of her late husband, the Right Hon. John Arthur Roebuck, who was a member of the first Reformed Parliament, when he represented Bath in the Radical interest, and was for many years one of the most vigorous debaters in the House of Commons. He sided with Daniel O'Connell on the Irish question of sixty years ago. He advocated the adoption of the ballot—he defended the Crimean War, considering it a crusade against despotism, and overthrew the Aberdeen Ministry on the question of the condition of our troops in the Crimea, and embarked with impetuosity in the cause of the Confederate States. In fact, he was ever ready to break a lance in the service of those whom he considered unjustly or cruelly treated. The fierceness of his attacks earned for him the name of "Tear'em" in the House of Commons. In his later years his support of Lord Beaconsfield made a breach between him and his early political friends.

The Private View at the New Gallery the other afternoon was, as usual, the pleasantest function of its kind of the season. A perpetual *ca et vient* of well-known, and well-dressed, people filled the spacious chambers and loitered from room to room in agreeable gossip or welcome *rencontre*; while in the cool white and golden atrium the soft splash of the fountain made a restful refrain to the incessant hum of conversation. Pretty gowns were decidedly in the majority, despite the now habitual preponderance of black and sombre colours—indeed, perhaps, partly for that very reason. *Esthetic toilettes* there were none—they have died hard but are extinct at last. A few ugly eccentricities blossomed forth here and there without any sort of injury to the general effect, contributing rather the precious salt of humour to the entertainment. Mrs. Comyns-Carr wore by far the most beautiful gown in the place; it was of shot silk, coloured like the breast of a peacock or a bank of violets. Madame Antoinette Sterling was in an austere arrangement of black velvet, with a black bonnet. Among other notabilities present were the beautiful Lady Brooke, Lady Lytton, Mr. H. M. Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. Pinero, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Harrison, and Mr. Theodore Watts. The chief representatives of the Royal Academy were Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A.; Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., who, though greatly recovered, still looks sadly frail from the effects of his ill-omened travels; Mr. Ernest Crofts, A.R.A., the English De Neuville; and Mr. P. R. Morris, A.R.A. A good many

distinguished outsiders were also present, including Mr. Linley Sambourne; Mr. Roscoe Mullins, the sculptor; Mr. J. J. Shannon, the portrait-painter; Mr. Alfred East, and Mr. Edward Stott.

The death is recorded of Captain Charles Gudgeon Nelson, R.N., for nearly thirty years a Gentleman Usher to her Majesty the Queen. Captain Nelson's grandfather, Mr. Matthew Nelson, was a first cousin of the great Lord Nelson. Entering the Royal Navy in 1845, he served on board different vessels. In 1854 he obtained his lieutenancy. On the *Impérieuse* (51), and subsequently on the *Forward* gun-boat, he saw active service during the war with Russia, and obtained the Baltic medal. In 1856 he was appointed to the command of the *Rolla* training-brig, tender to the *Victory* at Portsmouth, and in 1858 he had the honour of being personally selected by her Majesty and the late Prince Consort to prepare Prince Alfred (now Duke of Edinburgh) for the naval profession.

Few people who have remarked the work of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children in the matter of Mrs. Montagu and others are aware what it owes to the personality of its founder, the Rev. Benjamin Waugh. But for the untiring energy of the editor of the *Sunday Magazine* the law would not have been altered or the society raised up to restrict the activities of the baby-farmer. Mr. Waugh for some time filled the pulpit of a Nonconformist chapel, but he found the atmosphere very uncongenial, and sought in entire independence the freedom which deacons and pew-renters could not tolerate. Mr. Waugh's love of children is a passion. Any dweller in Bloomsbury who comes upon a short, clerically dressed figure, with flowing black hair and piercing eyes, spinning tops with a group of little ones in some by-way, may feel sure that he has beheld the editor of the *Sunday Magazine*. The sight is not impressive, for it is as likely as not that the clerical top-spinner will be smoking a pipe. But if any care to see what this interest in child-life has done, a reference to a single report of the society will show it.

The company that has purchased the estate of Colwick, in South Nottinghamshire, where a new racecourse is to be made, has obtained with it the little church so full of memorials of the Byron family. There lies the first Nottinghamshire Byron, Sir John of Clayton, Lancashire, to whom Henry VIII. granted Newstead Abbey. There are monuments to other ancestors of the poet, but perhaps most interesting of all is the sculptured figure of the "Mary" of Byron's poems, Miss Chaworth, with whom he fell deeply in love in 1803. This lady, who afterwards married Mr. Musters, the owner of Colwick Hall, was the daughter of a Nottinghamshire gentleman, whose father, Mr. William Chaworth, was killed in a duel in 1765 by Byron's predecessor in the title, his great-uncle, "the wicked Lord Byron," who, in consequence, was tried for manslaughter by his peers, and found guilty. Colwick Hall was one of the places attacked by the rioters at the time of the Reform Bill in 1832.

Our portrait of the late Lieutenant-General Pelly and the view of the grave of the late Dr. Allon are from photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, of Baker Street.

## POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

APRIL 30, 1892.

Thick Edition	..	..	..	..	2d.
Thin Edition	..	..	..	..	1½d.

Newspapers for abroad may be posted at any time, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

For the 7th of MAY

Will contain a further

## SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT OF PICTURES

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Making, in conjunction with the present issue, an interesting Souvenir of the Pictures of the Year.

## THE JUBILEE

OF

## ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.

—O—

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

was founded by HERBERT INGRAM on 14 May, 1842. For exactly Fifty Years it has embodied a continuous Pictorial Record of the Political and Social Life of this country.

On 14 May, 1892,

the ordinary issue of the Paper, will be styled

## OUR JUBILEE NUMBER,

and it will contain a SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT entitled

## THE FOUNDING OF THE "ILLUSTRATED":

## A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF JOURNALISM.

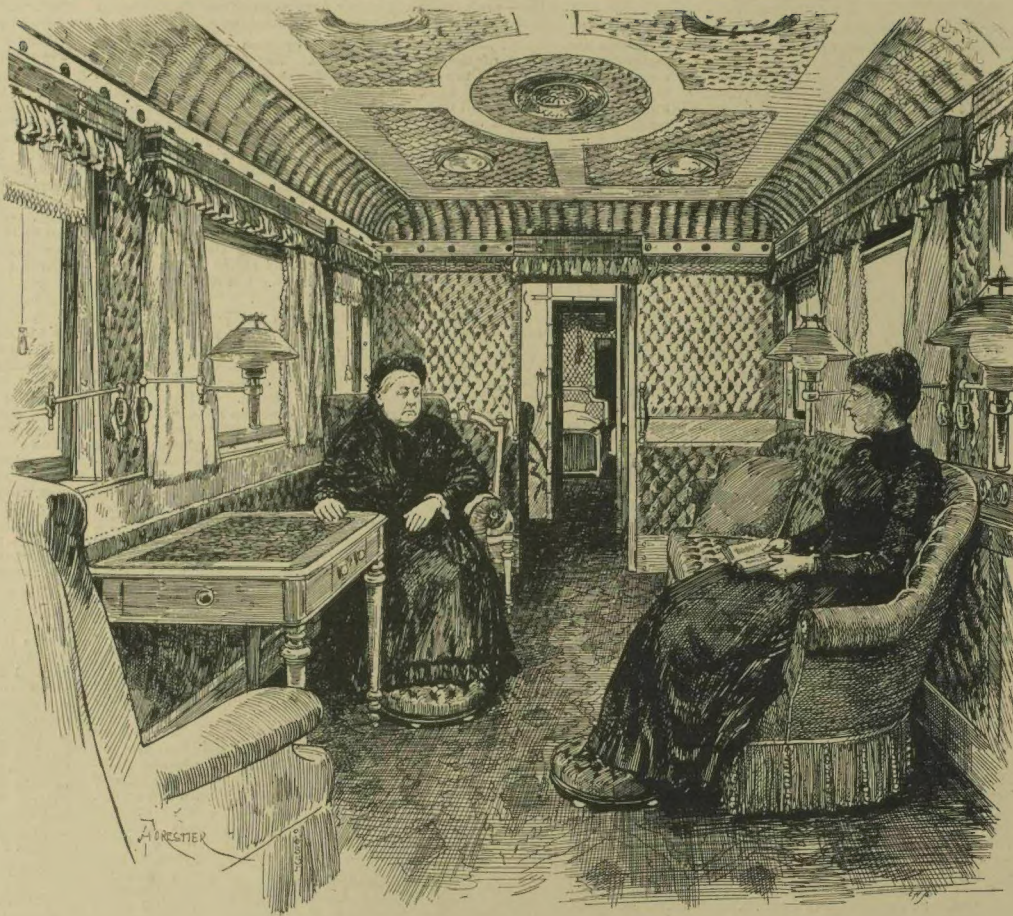
Portraits of all the leading Contributors will be given, with many illustrations from the early volumes, and Special Articles by EDMUND YATES, WALTER BESANT, and other well-known writers.

The Cover for this issue will be specially designed by Mr. LINLEY SAMBOURNE.



## THE QUEEN ON HER TRAVELS.

Her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left Hyères on Monday, April 25, at half-past ten, by a special train. It proceeded by way of Toulon and Marseilles, Lyons and Dijon, Mulhouse, Strasburg, and Carlsruhe, to Darmstadt, arriving at half-past nine on Tuesday morning. The two carriages provided for the Queen's railway travelling on the Continent are usually kept in the Gare du Nord at Brussels, under the care of a special workman, having been constructed and furnished in Belgium. Their external aspect is not very different from that of other saloon carriages. They are connected by a short corridor, forming a suite of small apartments. In front is a box for the Scottish Highland man-servant attending on her Majesty. The drawing-room for the Queen and Princess Beatrice is furnished with a sofa, two arm-chairs and foot-stools of Louis XVI. style, all covered with blue silk, with yellow fringes and tassels. The walls are hung with silk capitonnée, which is blue for the dado and pearl grey above, brocaded with the shamrock, rose, and thistle, in pale yellow. The curtains are blue and white. The small table is of a pale coloured wood, probably beech. A dark Indian carpet is spread on the floor. There are four lights in the ceiling; in the centre is a ventilator of cut-out brass. The saloon leads to the dressing-room, which is hung in Japanese style, with bamboo round the floor. The washhand-stand is covered with dark-red morocco leather, relieved with white metal ornaments and nails. The basins and all the toilet service are of the same metal. Two fairy lights stand on the table. The royal ladies' bed-room is decorated in grey and light brown colours; the larger of the two beds is for the Queen, the other is for Princess Beatrice, or whoever travels with her Majesty. Beyond the bed-room is a sort of luggage-room, where the maids sleep on sofas. Her Majesty, on the road, takes her meals in the saloon, which is lighted at night by four oil lamps fixed in brackets on the walls, and by one or two portable lamps. No electric lighting is adopted, but electric bells are fixed to call the servants. The bedding is the Queen's own, and she takes it away on leaving the train. Her Majesty also brought her own bed to the hotel at Costebelle.



THE QUEEN TRAVELLING IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE: THE DRAWING-ROOM CAR.



Photo by R. W. Thomas, Chesepide.

START FOR THE CYCLISTS' TEN-MILE RACE AT KENNINGTON OVAL





*Nada, in her fear and folly, seized the stone and dragged on it. . . . It shook, it slipped over the socket ledge, and rolled home.*

## NADA THE LILY.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE END OF THE PEOPLE, BLACK AND GREY.

Galazi rushed through the town crying aloud, and behind him rose the stir of men. All slept and no sentinels were set, for Umslopogaas was so lost in his love for the Lily that he forgot his wisdom, and thought no more of war or death or of the hate of Dingaan. Presently the Wolf came to the large new hut which Umslopogaas had caused to be built for Nada the Lily, and entered it, for there he knew that he should find his brother Bulalio. On the far side of the hut the two lay sleeping, and the head of Umslopogaas rested on the Lily's breast, and by his side gleamed the great axe Groan-Maker.

"Awake!" cried the Wolf.

Now Umslopogaas sprang to his feet grasping at his axe, but Nada threw her arms wide, murmuring: "Let me sleep on, sweet is sleep."

"Sound shall ye sleep anon!" gasped Galazi. "Swift, brother, bind on the wolf's hide, take shield! Swift, I say—the Slayers of the king are at your gates!"

Now Nada sprang up also, and they did his bidding like people in a dream; and, while they found their garments and a shield, Galazi took beer and drank it, and his breath came back to him. They stood without the hut. Now the sky was grey, and east and west and north and south tongues of flame shot up against the sky, for the town was fired by the Slayers.

Umslopogaas looked and his sense came back to him: he understood. "Which way, brother?" he said.

"Through them to our Grey People on the mountain," said Galazi. "There, if we can win it, we shall find succour."

"What of my people in the kraal?" asked Umslopogaas.

"They are not many, brother; the women and the children are gone. I have wakened the men—most will escape. Hence, ere we burn!"

Now they ran towards the fence, and as they went men joined them to the number of ten, half awakened, fear-stricken, armed—some with spears, some with clubs—and for the most part naked. They ran together towards the fence of the town, that was now but a ring of fire, Umslopogaas and Galazi in front, each holding the Lily by a hand. They neared the fence—without came the shouts of the Slayers—lo! it was alive. Nada shrank back in fear, but Umslopogaas and Galazi dragged her on. They rushed at the blazing fence, smiting with axe and club. It broke before them, they were through but little harmed. Without were a knot of the Slayers, standing back a small space because of the heat of the fire. The Slayers saw them, and crying, "This is Bulalio,

kill the wizard!" sprang towards them with uplifted spears. Now the People of the Axe made a ring round Nada, and in the front of it were Umslopogaas and Galazi. Then they rushed on and met those of the Slayers who stood before them, and the Slayers were swept away and scattered by Groan-Maker and the Watcher, as dust is swept of a wind, as grass is swept by a sickle.

They were through with only one man slain, but the cry went up that the chief of the wizards and the Lily, his wife, had fled. Then, as it was these whom he was chiefly charged to kill, the captain called off the Slayers from watching for the dwellers in the town, and started in pursuit of Umslopogaas. Now, at this time nearly a hundred men of the People of the Axe had been killed and of the Slayers some fifty men, for, having been awakened by the crying of Galazi, the soldiers of the axe fought bravely, though none saw where his brother stood, and none knew whither their chief had fled except those ten who went with the brethren.

Meanwhile, the Wolf-Brethren and those with them were well away, and it had been easy for them to escape, who were the swiftest-footed of any in the land. But the pace of an impi is the pace of its slowest-footed soldier, and Nada could not run with the Wolf-Brethren. Yet they made good speed, and were halfway down the gorge that led to the river before the companies of the Slayers poured into it. Now they came to the end of it, and the foe was near—this end of the gorge is narrow, my father, like the neck of a gourd—then Galazi stopped and spoke—

"Halt! ye People of the Axe," he said, "and let us talk a while with these who follow till we find our breath again. But you, my brother, pass the river with the Lily in your hand. We will join you in the forest; but if perchance we cannot find you, you know what must be done: set the Lily in the cave, then return and call up the grey impi. *Wow!* my brother, I must find you if I may, for if these men of Dingaan have a mind for sport there shall be such a hunting on the Ghost Mountain as the old Witch has not seen. Go now, my brother!"

"It is not my way to turn and run while others stand and fight," growled Umslopogaas; "yet, because of Nada, it seems that I must."

"Oh! heed me not, my love," said Nada. "I have brought the sorrow—I am weary, let me die; slay me and save yourselves!"

For answer, Umslopogaas took her by the hand and fled towards the river; but before he reached it he heard the sounds of the fray, the war-cry of the Slayers as they poured upon the People of the Axe, the howl of his brother, the Wolf, when the battle joined—ay, and the crash of the Watcher as the blow went home.

"Well bitten, Wolf!" he said, stopping; "that one shall need no more; oh! that I might!"—But again he looked at Nada, and sped on.

Now they had leaped into the foaming river, and here it was well that the Lily could swim, else both had been lost. But they won through and passed forward to the mountain flank. Here they walked on among the trees till the forest was almost passed, and at length Umslopogaas heard the howling of a wolf.

Then he must set Nada on his shoulders and carry her as once Galazi had carried another, for it was death for any except the Wolf-Brethren to walk on the Ghost Mountain when the wolves were awake.

Presently the wolves flocked around him, and leaped upon him in joy, glaring with fierce eyes at her who sat upon his shoulders. Nada saw them, and almost fell from her seat, fainting with fear, for they were many and dreadful, and when they howled her blood turned to ice.

But Umslopogaas cheered her, telling her that these were his dogs with whom he went out hunting, and with whom he should hunt presently. At length they came to the knees of the Old Witch and the entrance to the cave. It was empty except for a wolf or two, for Galazi abode here seldom now; but when he was on the mountain would sleep in the forest, which was nearer the kraal of his brother the Slaughterer.

"Here you must bide, sweet," said Umslopogaas when he had driven out the wolves. "Here you must rest till this little matter of the Slayers is finished. Would that we had brought food, but we had little time to seek it! See, now I will show you the secret of the stone; thus far I will push it, no farther. Now a touch only is needed to send it over the socket and home; but then they must be two strong men who can pull it back again. Therefore push it no farther except in the utmost need, lest it remain where it fall, whether you will it or not. Have no fear, you are safe here; none know of this place except Galazi, I, and the wolves, and none shall find it. Now I must be going to find Galazi, if he still lives; if not, to make what play I can against the Slayers, alone with the wolves."

Now Nada wept, saying that she feared to be left, and that she should never see him more, and her grief wrung his heart. Nevertheless, he kissed her and went, closing the stone after him in that fashion of which he had spoken. When the stone was closed the cave was almost dark, except for a ray of light that entered by a hole little larger than a man's hand, that, looked at from within, was on the right of the stone. Nada sat herself so that this ray of light struck full on her, for she loved light, and without it she would pine as flowers do. There she sat and thought in the darksome cave, and was



filled with fear and sorrow. And while she brooded thus, suddenly the ray went out, and she heard a noise as of some beast that smells at prey. She looked, and in the gloom she saw the sharp nose and grinning fangs of a wolf that were thrust towards her through the little hole.

Nada cried aloud in fear, and the fangs were snatched back, but presently she heard a scratching without the cave, and saw the stone shake. Then she thought in her foolishness that the wolf knew how to open the stone, and that he would do this, and devour her, for she had heard the tale that all these wolves were the ghosts of evil men, having the understanding of men. So, in her fear and folly, she seized the rock and dragged on it as Umslopogagas had shown her how to do. It shook, it slipped over the socket ledge, and rolled home like a pebble down the mouth of a gourd.

"Now I am safe from the wolves," said Nada. "See, I cannot so much as stir the stone from within, and still less can they do so from without." And she laughed a little, then ceased from laughing and spoke again. "Yet it would be ill if Umslopogagas came back no more to roll away that rock, for then I should be like one in a grave—as one who is placed in a grave being yet strong and quick." She shuddered as she thought of it, but presently started up and set her ear to the hole to listen, for from far down the mountain there rose a mighty howling and a din of men.

When Umslopogagas had shut the cave, he moved swiftly down the mountain, and with him went certain of the wolves; not all, for he had not summoned them. His heart was heavy, for he feared that Galazi was no more. Also he was mad with rage, and plotted in himself to destroy the Slay-ers of the king, every man of them; but first he must learn what they would do. Presently, as he wended, he heard a long, low howl far away in the forest; then he rejoiced, for he knew the call—it was the call of Galazi, who had escaped the spears of the Slay-ers.

Swiftly he ran, calling in answer. He won the place. There, seated on a stone resting himself, was Galazi, and round him surged the numbers of the Grey People. Umslopogagas came to him and looked at him, for he seemed somewhat weary. There were flesh wounds on his great breast and arms, the little shield was well-nigh hewn to strips, and the Watcher showed signs of war.

"How went it, brother?" asked Umslopogagas.

"None so ill, but all those who stood with me in the way are dead, and with them a few of the foe. I alone am fled like a coward. They came on us thrice, but we held them back till the Lily was safe; then, all our men being down, I ran, Umslopogagas, and swam the torrent, for I was minded to die here in my own place."

Now, though he said little of it, Umslopogagas told you, my father, that Galazi had made a great slaughter there in the neck of the donga. Afterwards I counted the slain, and they were many; the nine men of the People of the Axe were hidden in them.

"Perhaps it shall be the Slay-ers who die, brother."

"Perhaps; at least, there shall be death for some. Still it is in my mind, Slaughterer, that our brotherhood comes to an end, for the fate of him who bears the Watcher, and which my father foretold, is upon me. If so, farewell. While it lasted, our friendship has been good, and its ending shall be good. Moreover, it would have endured for many a year to come had you not sought, Slaughterer, to make good better, and to complete our joy of fellowship and war with the love of women. From that source come these ills, as a river from a spring; but so it was fated. If I fall in this fray may you yet live on to fight in many another, and at the last to die gloriously with axe aloft; and may you find a briskeer man and a better Watcher to serve you in your need. Should you fall and I live on, I promise this: I will avenge you to the last and guard the Lily whom you love, offering her comfort, but no more. Now the foe draws on, they have travelled round about by the ford, for they dared not face the torrent, and they cried to me that they are sworn to slay us or be slain, as Dingann, the King, commanded. So the fighting will be of the best, if, indeed, they do not run before the fangs of the Grey People. Now, Chief, speak your word that I may obey it."

Thus Galazi spoke in the circle of the wolves, while Umslopogagas leaned upon his axe Groan-Maker, and listened to him, ay, and wept as he listened, for after the Lily and me, Mopo, he loved Galazi most of all who lived. Then he answered—

"Were it not for one in the cave above, who is helpless and tender, I would swear to you, Wolf, that if you fall, on your carcase I will die; and I do swear that, should you fall, while I live Groan-Maker shall be busy from year to year till every man of yonder impi is as you are. Perchance I did ill, Galazi, when first I hearkened to the words of Zintra and suffered women to come between us. May we one day find a land where there are no women, and war only, for in that land we shall grow great. But now, at the least, we will make a good end to this fellowship, and the Grey People shall fight their fill, and the old Witch who sits aloft waiting for the world to die shall smile to see that fight, if she never smiled before. This is my word: that we fall upon the men of Dingann twice, once in the glade of the forest whither they will come presently, and, if we are beaten back, then we will stand for the last time on the knees of the Witch in front of the cave where Nada is. Say, Wolf, will the Grey Folk fight?"

"To the last, brother, so long as one is left to lead them, after that I do not know! Still they have only fangs to set against spears. Slaughterer, your plan is good. Come, I am rested."

So they rose and numbered their flock, and all were there, though it was not as it had been years ago when first the Wolf-Brethren hunted on Ghost Mountain; for many of the

wolves had died by men's spears when they harried the kraals of men, and no young were born to them. Then, as once before, the pack was halved, and half, the she-wolves, went with Umslopogagas, and half, the dog-wolves, went with Galazi.

Now they passed down the forest paths and hid in the tangle of the thickets at the head of the darksome glen, one on each side of the glen. Here they waited till they heard the footfall of the impi of the king's Slay-ers, as it came slowly along seeking them. In front of the impi went two soldiers watching for an ambush, and these two men were the same who had talked together that dawn when Galazi sprang between them. Now also they talked as they peered this way and that; then, seeing nothing, stood awhile in the mouth of the glen waiting the coming of their company; and their talk came to the ears of Umslopogagas.

"An awful place this, my brother," said one. "A place full of ghosts and strange sounds, of hands that seem to press us back, and whinnings as of invisible wolves. It is named

Well, here leads the spoor—a wondrous mass of wolf-spoor mixed with the footprints of men; perhaps they are sometimes the one and sometimes the other—who knows, my brother? It is a land of ghosts and wizards. Let us on! Let us on!"

Now all this while the Wolf-Brethren had much ado to keep their people quiet, for their jaws watered and their eyes shone at the sight of the men, and at length it could be done no more, for with a howl a single she-wolf rushed from her lair and leapt at the throat of the man who spoke, nor did she miss her grip. Down went wolf and man, rolling together on the ground, and there they killed each other.

"The *Esdovana*! the *Esdovana* are upon us!" cried the other scout, and, turning, fled towards the impi. But he never came there, for with fearful howlings the ghost-wolves broke their cover and rushed on him from the night and the left, and lo! there was nothing of him left except his spear alone.

Now a low cry of fear rose from the impi, and some turned to fly, but Faku, the captain, a great man and a brave, shouted to them, "Stand firm, children of the king, stand firm, these are no *Esdovana*, these are but the Wolf-Brethren and their pack. What! will ye run from dogs, ye who have laughed at the spears of men? Ring round! Stand firm!"

The soldiers heard the voice of their captain, and they obeyed his voice, forming a double circle, a ring within a ring. They looked to the right: there, Groan-Maker aloft, the wolf fangs on his brow, the worn wolf-hide streaming on the wind, Bulalio rushed upon them like a storm, and with him came his red-eyed company. They looked to the left—ah, well they knew that mighty Watcher! Have they not heard his strokes down by the river, and well they know the grim who wields it like a wand, the Wolf King, with the strength of ten! *Wow!* They are here! See the people black and grey, hear them howl their war-chant! Look how they leap like water—leap in a foam of fangs against the hedge of spears! The circle is broken; Groan-Maker has broken it! Ha! Galazi also is through the double ring; now must men stand back to back or perish!

How long did it last? Who can say? Time flies fast when blows fall thick. At length the brethren are beaten back; they break out as they broke in, and are gone, with such of their wolf-folk as were left alive. But that impi was somewhat the worse, but one-third of those lived who looked on the sun without the forest; the rest lay smitten, torn, mangled, dead, hidden under the heaps of the bodies of wild beasts.

"Now this is a fight of evil spirits that live in the shapes of wolves, and as for the Wolf-Brethren, they are sorcerers of the rarest," said Faku the captain, "and such sorcerers I love, for they fight furiously. Yet I will slay them or be slain. At the least, if there be few of us left, the most of the wolves are dead also, and the arms of the wizards grow weary." So he moved forward up the mountain with those of the soldiers who remained, and all the way the wolves harried them, pulling down a man here and a man there; but though they heard and saw them cheering on their pack the Wolf-Brethren attacked them no more, for they saved their strength for the last fight of all.

The road was long up the mountain, and the soldiers knew little of the path, and ever the ghost-wolves harried on their flanks. So it was evening before they came to the feet of the stone Witch, and began to climb to the platform of her knees. There, on her knees as it were, they saw the Wolf-Brethren standing side by side, such a pair as were not elsewhere in the world, and they seemed afire, for the sunset beat upon them, and the wolves crept round their feet, red with blood and fire.

"A glorious pair!" quoth great Faku, "would that I fought with them rather than against them! Yet, they must die!" Then they began to climb to the knees of the Witch.

Now Umslopogagas glanced up at the stone face of her who sat aloft, and it was alight with the sunset.

"Said I not that the old Witch should smile at this fray?" he cried. "Lo! she smiles! Up, Galazi, let us spend the remnant of our people on the foe, and fight this fight out, man to man, with no beast to spoil it! Ho! Blood and Greynout! ho! Deathgrip! ho! wood-dwellers grey and black, at them, my children!" The wolves heard; they were few and they were sorry to see, with weariness and wounds, but still they were fierce. With a howl, for the last time they leaped down upon the foe, tearing, harrying, and killing till they themselves were killed by the spear, every one of them except Deathgrip alone, who crept back sorely wounded to die by Galazi.

"Now I am a chief without a people," cried Galazi. "Well, it has been my lot in life. So it was in the Halakuzi kraals, so it is on Ghost Mountain at the last, and so also shall it be even for the greatest kings when they come to die, seeing that they, too, must die alone. Say, Slaughterer, choose where you will stand, to the left or to the right."

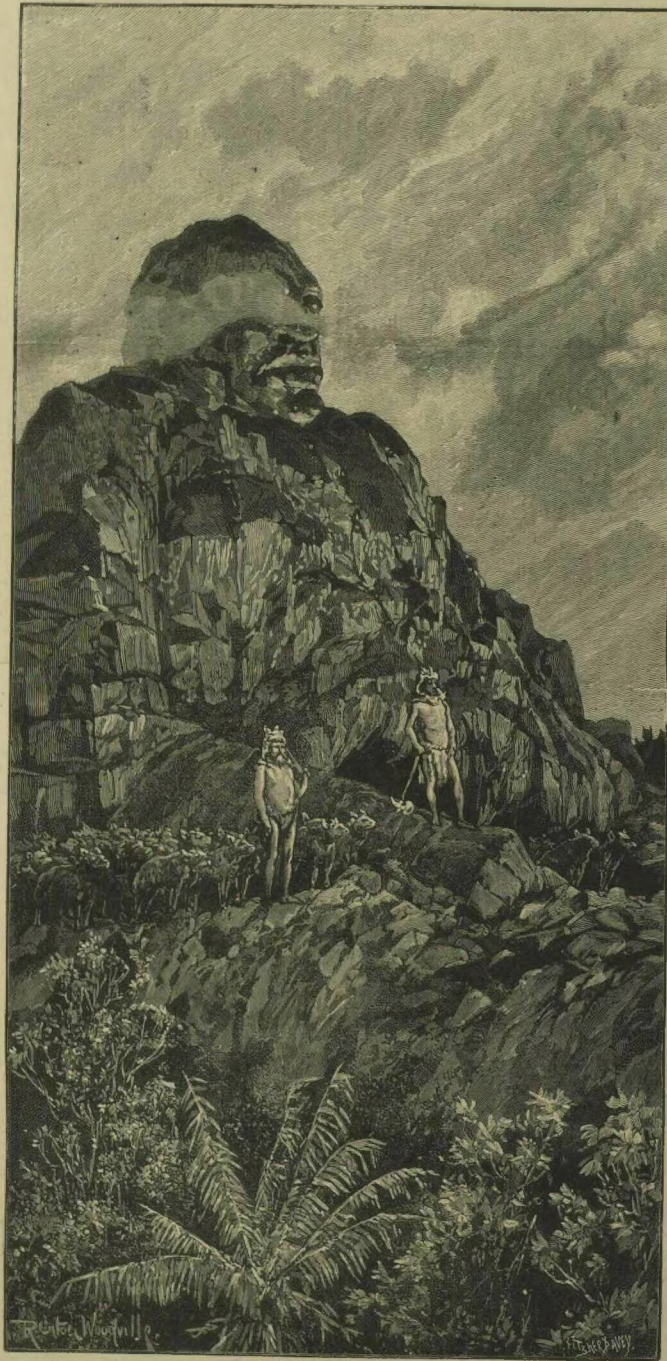
Now, my father, the track below separated, because of a boulder, and there were two little paths that led to the platform of the Witch's knees with, perchance, ten paces between them. Umslopogagas guarded the left-hand path and Galazi took the right. Then they waited, having spears in their hands. Presently the soldiers came round the rock and rushed up against them, some on one path and some on the other.

Then the brethren hurled their spears at them and killed three men. Now the assegaes were done, and the foe was on them. Umslopogagas bends forward, his long arm shoots out, the axe gleams, and a man who came on falls back.

"One!" cries Umslopogagas.

"One, my brother!" answers Galazi, as he draws back the Watcher from his blow.

A soldier rushes forward, singing. To and fro he moves



Galazi spoke in the circle of the wolves, while Umslopogagas leaned upon his axe.

Ghost Mountain, and well named. Would that the king had found other business for us than the slaying of these sorcerers—for they are sorcerers indeed, and this is the home of their sorceries. Tell me, brother, what was that which leaped between us this morning in the dark? I say it was a wizard. *Wow!* they are all wizards. Could any who was but a man have done the deeds which he who is named the Wolf wrought down by the river yonder, and then have escaped? Had the Axe but stayed with the Club they would have eaten up our impi."

"The Axe had a woman to watch," laughed the other. "Yes, it is true this is a place of wizards and evil things. Methinks I see the red eyes of the *Esdovana* glaring at us through the dark of the trees and smell their smell. Yet these wizards must be caught, for know this, my brother: if we return to Umgugudhova with the king's command undone, then there are stakes hardening in the fire of which we shall taste the point. If we are all killed in the catching, and some, it seems are missing already, yet they must be caught. Say, my brother, shall we draw on? The impi is nigh. Would that Faku, our captain yonder, might find two others to take our place, for in this thicket I had rather run last than first.





"SUR L'EAU,"—BY BRANTOT.  
FROM THE SALON DES CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES OF 1892.



Mr. Wympier himself would seem to indicate some such solution of the problem—namely, that man can accustom himself to life under a low pressure of the atmosphere. What he teaches us is that, in a low pressure, under ordinary circumstances of carrying on at low pressure, the ordinary muscular activity is equally performed at ordinary pressure. It is clear that on the surface of the earth each inspiration provides the lungs with a certain equal amount of the necessary oxygen. In plain language, at ordinary air-pressure we get sufficient oxygen in our breathing movements for all the wants of our frames. But when we ascend a high mountain, with lessened air-pressure, we get a relatively diminished quantity of the vitalising gas, and we need to breathe both more quickly and more deeply to make good the inevitable lack. The more acute symptoms which characterize mountain-sickness, it would appear, are due to the expression, under the diminished pressure of what Mr. Wympier calls the "gaseous matter within the body."

This last part, personally, I think may be improved upon by words of explanation, and I would suggest again that the possibility of the cerebral kind of mind under altered external pressure, and of the tendency towards the lateral expatriation of life, I should like to hear what my friend Dr. B. W. Richardson has to say to his latter suggestion.





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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The miserable playgoer must recently have murmured to himself, after meeting with failure after failure—

Once I said, almost despairing,  
"This must break my spirit now,"  
But I bore it, and am bearing,  
Only do not ask me how!

Melodrama seemed to have gone to the dogs at its old home, the Princess's, in Oxford Street. Not even the vast experience of Charles Warner, or the delicate art of Mrs. Dion Boucicault, or the brilliant promise of young Mr. Bedford, or the energy of Mr. Abingdon could restore tone to worn out and debilitated sensation plays. Even the Ibsenites, who were born at a late date to set us all right and to inform us what fools we were ever to like Shakspeare, or Sheridan, or Sardou, began to lose heart. For almost the first time in her career Mrs. Nora Helmer, of the Doll's House Villa, Scandinavia, could not be tolerated or endured. She had lost her good looks and her Norwegian simplicity, and she had come back from her journey round the world an attitudinising, grimacing, irritatingly restless young person, who would have justified the prig Torvald in resorting to personal violence in order to keep her quiet. The whole *ménage* of Doll's House Villa was utterly upset. Mr. Charles Charrington, the best of all the Dr. Ranks, was certainly not the best, or anything like the best, of the Torvald Helmers; and the charm of the whole thing seemed suddenly to have evaporated. We wanted Mr. Waring, and we sighed for Miss Elizabeth Robins, and we wished Mr. Fulton could be back again as Krogstadt; but most of all we pined for Mrs. Nora Janet Achureh, who left us the ideal "squirrel," and has come back a far more assertive and demonstrative denizen of the forest ways.

And I should not think that the Ibsenites are best pleased with Mr. Austin Fryers. In "Benta" he has written a play quite as interesting as anything the "master" ever wrote. He has shown conclusively that it is the easiest thing in the world to imitate the master's style and manner, but he has been cruel enough to kill poor Parson Roamer far before his time. We all know that Parson Helmer and Miss Rebecca West waltzed off to the mill-race, hand in hand, when they discovered they bored one another to death, and could not quite clear their consciences of that little affair about Mrs. Roamer. But Mr. Austin Fryers has decreed that the parson shall follow his ill-used spouse, and he denied the privilege of Miss West's society for the future. This treatment, of course, opens up the possibility of another play. Why should not Miss West start a "Platonic" attachment with the infidel editor, and see how she gets on with this literary "comrade," or how about a wild flirtation with Mrs. Rosmer's asthmatic old uncle? All that I should like to see would be the pride of Rebecca lowered by that dear old grey-haired servant who was sold to her husband in exchange for a cow. I should not mind if Helspeth gave Rebecca a good shaking *coram populo*.

That would bring down the house. My congratulations all the same to Miss Frances Ivor for her touching and tender personation of the amiable wife; to Miss Estelle Burney for her vigorous and impassioned Rebecca, one of the most hateful and detestable women in all modern fiction; and to Miss Susie Vaughan for her dear old housekeeper. Mr. Leonard Outram's parson was also artistically detestable—a lady in my immediate vicinity said, "The beast! I should like to throw something at his head!"

So I turned with joy from these prigs and pessimists, from the gospel of socialism and the epistle of infidelity, from an atmosphere tainted with agnosticism, or some other "ism," to a new play at the dear old Adelphi. Bravo! George Sims and Robert Buchanan. You have led us forth into moral sunshine again. To watch and smell "The White Rose" is like issuing from a crowded, fœtid, festering court into the light of God's day. We experience the same joy in dear old Woodstock Chase as we do when the first gleam of spring sunshine braces the nerves and gladdens the heart. Good and grand old Cromwell! I don't like you much when I go church and cathedral hunting. I don't relish the traces of you at Lichfield or Ripon. I lament the empty niches and the battered carvings and the hideous desecration of old Noll and his bigoted soldiery—the Salvation Army of the Commonwealth; but, after all, what a fine old fellow, what a noble Englishman, what a man of fibre and blood and iron you are, you much-abused old gentleman, by the side of the godless parsons and the sexless women, and the Mr., Mrs., and Miss Egomets, who are so idolised by the new school! It does one's heart good to change from the land of the midnight sun to the dear homeland of the White Rose. Who shall say now that George Sims and Robert Buchanan cannot get beyond the slums and stews of Cockney-land? They have let in light and air for us, and the heart of the playgoer will delight in this relief from melancholy and everlasting gloom. Let us not mourn that the Oliver Cromwell is not the Cromwell of history. Even the historians have not settled that point. Carlyle and Gardiner are still at loggerheads in the text-books. We are not very much concerned with the Cromwell of history, nor shall we break our hearts because Cromwell's daughter Elizabeth had not an ounce of romance in her. We have got a human Cromwell, at any rate; and the new Elizabeth is one of the most enchanting pictures of delicate womanhood on the modern stage. Mrs. Patrick Campbell has astonished her best admirers and the keenest prophets of her ultimate success. What a change this, the delicate, fair-haired, lily-handed woman, with the voice with the pathetic throb in it—no, my dear Sirs, not an affected voice, or you have no ear for beautiful sound—what a change this Elizabeth Cromwell, purest, most womanly, and unselfish of creatures, from the throaty, evil-browed, dark-haired gipsy Stella, who has vanished from our view! And why should not Mrs. Campbell be allowed to suggest the Florentine women of the Middle Ages in her dress? It is a romantic play, and a little poetical license is surely admissible. But, as it happens,

both the heroines of this pretty play are "fair to look upon, goodly to greet," and they act as well as they look. Truly, it is a gay and delightful scene, dominated by Mr. Leonard Boyne, one of the best of our romantic actors, who wears his smart clothes to perfection, and makes love with passion and fight like a man—a relief from the effete and the epicene—and recalls the dashing and daring fellows who made England's history in Cromwell's time. As for Oliver Cromwell, all the advice I can give Mr. Charles Cartwright is the one given to a certain old lady in the song, "Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue." I think Cromwell would be more effective if he were more dignified and a little less noisy. It is the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that there are any groundlings at the New Adelphi who want their ears split. If you doubt it, watch the effect of Mr. Cockburn's admirable performance of a Cromwellian officer. Mr. Cartwright's Cromwell is wholly in the right vein, but on the first night he acted in too high a key. The Brothers Gatti appear to understand the business of theatre-managing better than most of their brethren. They have helped us so far out of the Slough of Despond, and, if I mistake not, the Adelphi "White Rose" will be "softly blooming" in the Strand long after its garden companions have scattered their scented petals on the path.

One of the most hopeful signs about the "Lux Mundi" men is their interest in social questions. The new *Economic Review*, a quarterly which seems to promise well, emanates mainly from Pusey House, and opens with Mr. Gore's striking pronouncement on the "Social Teaching of the Sermon on the Mount."

By permission of the Italian Minister of Public Instruction, a French architect, M. Chedaune, is making careful studies concerning the construction of the cupola of the Pantheon at Rome, and it would seem that the cupola, as well as the drum of the Pantheon, was reconstructed under Hadrian between the years 123 and 127 of our era. On removing one of the arches that support the cupola there was discovered a Roman brick, which distinctly marks the epoch as that of Hadrian. Therefore, in order to believe, as has always been held, that the cupola was raised by Agrippa, it is needful to admit, by implication, the possibility that in the times of Hadrian works of consolidation of the cupola of the Pantheon were undertaken, consisting in strengthening the bases by a species of under arches. These, however, are so worked into the mass that, technically, the possibility of such work is excluded. Was the cupola of the Pantheon, then, reconstructed by Hadrian on the occasion of the restoration which he executed about the year 123? The question has become further complicated by the fact that on the architect inspecting recently some of the interstices above these arches, he discovered some bricks stamped with the same inscription that has been found in other edifices on the Palatine and at Ostia, which are known to be of the epoch of Hadrian.

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MRS. CRAIG.

**MORAL.—THE END OF THE CHAPTER.** For what a Death in Life it must be—an existence whose **SOLE AIM** is **GOOD EATING and DRINKING!!!** NOT that **THESE THINGS** are **BAD**—in **MODERATION**, and with something **HIGHER** beyond. **BUT WITH NOTHING BEYOND!!** WHAT THEN? And such is Human Life; so gliding on, it glimmers like a meteor, and is gone.

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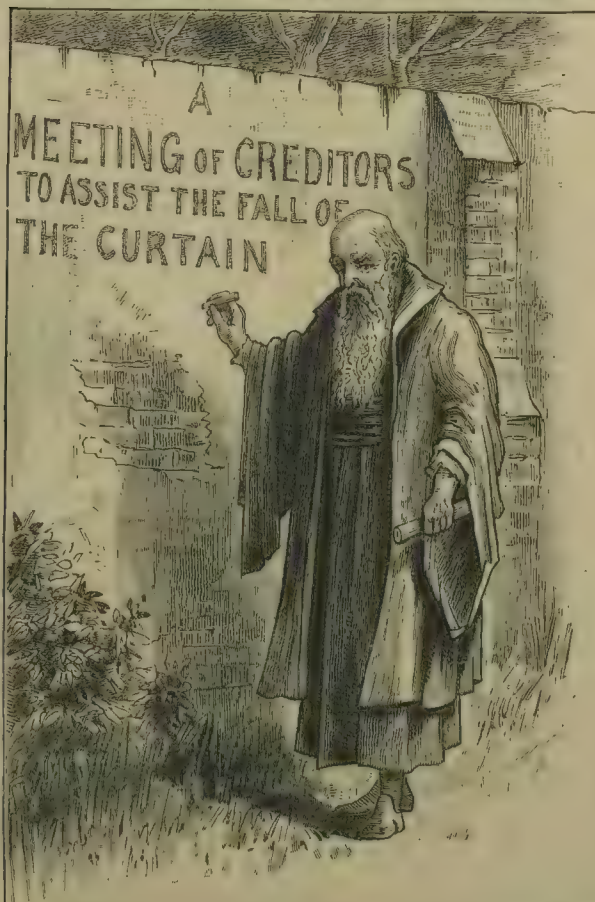
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1885) of Mr. James John Elliot, J.P., late of Leigham, Egg Buckland, Devon, who died on Feb. 16, was proved on April 7 by Henry Elliot Tracey, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £113,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital, the Plymouth Public Dispensary, the Plymouth Royal Eye Infirmary, and the Devon and Cornwall Female Orphan Asylum; £10,000 to his cousin John Elliot; £5000 to his cousin William Joseph Square; £2500, upon trust, for the children of his late cousin Elliot Square; £1000 and an annuity of £50 to his coachman, Philip Lakeman; £1000 and an annuity of £50 to his footman, James Harris; £500 to his late cook, Jane Jarvis; liberal legacies to other servants and to labourers, and other legacies. The manor of Leigham, his freehold property in the parish of Egg Buckland, and the borough of Plymouth, and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his cousin the said Henry Elliot Tracey.

The Scotch confirmation of the general disposition and settlement, with a codicil thereto (dated respectively Feb. 23, 1861, and Nov. 15, 1883), of Mr. Robert Colvill, of Mussdale, late of Bellgrove, Campbellton, who died on Nov. 26, granted to John Colvill, Archibald Colvill, and Matthew Colvill, the sons, Mrs. Elizabeth Colvill, the widow, and Mrs. Margaret Macdonald and Miss Jane Colvill, the daughters, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on March 26, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £61,000.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1887) of Mr. John Burrows, formerly of Sheffield, and late of Contham, Yorkshire, who died on Dec. 25, was proved on April 7 by John Henry Burrows, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £57,000. The testator gives £500 to his said nephew for his trouble as executor; and all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate to his sister, Mary Burrows.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Sept. 2, 1891) of Mrs. Anne MacGeough Bond, late of The Argory, county Armagh, who died on Jan. 25, granted to Captain Ralph MacGeough Bond Shelton, the son, and Robert H. Beauchamp, two of the executors, was resealed in London on March 26, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting

to upwards of £53,000. The testatrix appoints to her said son the trust funds under her marriage settlement. She devises all her estate and interest in lands at Mounthill, county Armagh, to her son Joshua Walter MacGeough Bond; and bequeaths £15,000, upon trust, for her grandson, Lord Louth; all her live and dead stock on the Louth Hall estate to her said grandson; £100 to the Armagh County Infirmary; and other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her son Ralph MacGeough Bond Shelton.

The will (dated June 27, 1891) of Mrs. Anne Kaye Edden, formerly of Brighton, and late of Tunbridge Wells, who died on Jan. 13, was proved on March 30 by William Kaye Edden, the son, and Beckett Nicholson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £19,000. The testatrix appoints four fifths of the trust funds under the will of her mother to her son William Kaye, and one fifth to her son Robert John. She bequeaths all her plate, pictures, books, furniture, wines, and effects to her son William Kaye; £500 to his wife, Ada; and £100 to each of the trustees under her mother's will. The residue of her property she leaves, as to three fifths, out of which £7000 is to be paid to her daughter, Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Kaye White, and the remainder held upon trust for her for life, and then for her children; and as to two fifths, upon trust for her son Robert John.

The will (dated April 8, 1891) of Miss Mary Jane Foakes, late of Westbury House, Dunmow, Essex, who died on Jan. 23, was proved on March 22 by Edward Thomas Foakes, the brother, and Jonathan Clark, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £32,000. The testatrix gives her jewellery to her sister, Alice Margaret Foakes; £100 to her executor, Mr. Clark; and the residue of her property to her said brother.

The will (dated Aug. 18, 1883), with two codicils (dated May 2, 1888, and July 30, 1891), of Mr. Thomas Bland-Garland, J.P., C.C., late of Hillfields, Burghfield, Berks, who died on Feb. 5, was proved on March 26 by Mrs. Sarah Watts Garland, the widow, John Watts Garland, the brother, George Peter Martin, and Colonel George Villiers Turner, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and his furniture and effects to his wife, and £200 to each of his other executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then, as to one moiety, as she shall appoint, and, as to

the other moiety, between his brother and sisters, John Watts Garland, Elizabeth Frances Taylor, and Arabella Mill, his brother-in-law, Watts John Garland, and his sister-in-law, Leonora Garland.

The will (dated Aug. 25, 1890) of Mr. Daniel Phillips, late of Bedford, Middlesex, who died on Jan. 2, was proved on March 25 by Thomas Phillips, the son, and John Phillips, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator gives his freehold and copyhold property in or near Royston to his son, Thomas; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1884), with a codicil (dated May 7, 1890), of Mrs. Catherine Elizabeth Ellman, late of Battle, Sussex, who died on Jan. 22, was proved on March 17 by the Rev. Henry Manning Ingram and Colonel Robert Bethune Ingram, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testatrix appoints the trust funds under her marriage settlement between her children—John Henry Ingram, Eliza Ann, Alice Mary, and Mrs. Constance Mary Fitzherbert. She bequeaths £5000 to each of her daughters Eliza Ann, Alice Mary, and Catherine Fanny; £4000, upon trust, for the widow and children of her late son Hugh Frederic; £2000 to her son John Henry Ingram; and there are some specific bequests. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her five surviving children.

The will (dated April 17, 1885), with a codicil (dated July 26, 1889) of Mr. Henry Bennet Pierrepont, D.L., formerly of Seagry House, Chippenham, Wilts, and late of Ryhall, Rutland, and 41, Eaton Square, who died on March 17, was proved on April 12 by Colonel John Joshua Wilson, R.E., and William Melmoth Walters, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £22,000. The testator devises Laywell House and all his land, tenements, and hereditaments in the parish of Brixham, Devon, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Friedwied Pierrepont, for life, with remainder to his nephew, Henry Turner Uniacke, absolutely. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, as his wife shall appoint; in default of appointment, for her, for life, then to pay several legacies, and as to the ultimate residue for his great-niece, Maria Middleton Pugh.

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## ART AND SONG.

*Art and Song.* Edited by Robert Bell. (Virtue and Co.) More than a generation of writers and readers have passed away since the first edition of this work appeared. During this interval it has steadily maintained its place in public favour, and the publication of the present edition is at once opportune and welcome to all except certain book-collectors, who grudge the reprinting of works which have become rare and valuable. In many respects this collection is an interesting landmark for lovers both of art and literature. For the former it marks the last, and in some cases the best, period of steel-engraving, when that branch was pursued by men like J. Cousen, Lumb Stocks, R.A., J. T. Willmore, A.R.A., E. Goodall, and others, and when artists like Turner, Stothard, and Collins, among the Academicians, and H. Bright, Corbould, and John Martin, among the outsiders, were willing to draw for the engravers.

The literary interest of the volume rests not less upon the taste of the editor than upon his catholicity. A volume which includes selections from authors so dissimilar as George Herbert and Lord Byron, Dr. Watts and Thomas Moore, must find appreciators somewhere; but Robert Bell lived at the time of the revival of interest in the Elizabethan poetry, and there are, consequently, many delightful sonnets and songs from the less known writers of that period. It may interest some to know that Tennyson is represented by "Flamboro' Rocks"—a poem

now only indexed under the words of its first lines—and B. Disraeli is credited with a translation, from the Gaelic of Duncan Macintyre, of "Spring in Bendowran"—a linguistic accomplishment of which few were aware.

Readers will remember that a few years ago there was a craze for sixpenny editions. They were usually printed in quarto, double columns. They were abandoned, first because they did not pay, next because the public found out that they were not convenient, or chiefly, perhaps, because they do not make permanent furniture for a library. Messrs. Longmans, however, are to bring out a sixpenny edition of A. K. H. B.'s "Recreations of a Country Parson," but they have wisely determined to make it a crown octavo volume.

The Hanoverian pianist, Herr Heinrich Lutter, whose private debut at the house of Mrs. Edward Goetz last autumn was duly recorded in these columns at the time, gave his first recital at St. James's Hall on Tuesday, April 26. The attendance was not large, but among those present were many well-known amateurs, and Herr Lutter's playing was subjected to the judgment of a far more critical auditory than on the occasion of his earlier visit. On the whole, he did not come unsatisfactorily through the ordeal. Unlike most of Liszt's pupils, he avoids all approach to sensationalism, and, although exaggerated effects are too readily pardoned nowadays, Herr Lutter distinctly gains in our estimation by exchanging these for a subdued sober style and reliance upon a crisp, musical touch, delicate *mécanisme*, and clear, intelligent phrasing. He played Beethoven's "Andante Favori" and

sonata, Op. 90, in a reverent spirit, and did entire justice to a group of pieces by Schubert, Schumann, and Chopin. Later on the recital-giver devoted himself to one of his master's most poetic and pleasing works, the "Dédicacéon de Dieu dans la Solitude," which he interpreted with admirable feeling and great beauty of expression, evoking thereby a very hearty round of applause. The programme wound up with one of the "Soirées de Vienne," Henselt's "Liebeslied," and a barcarolle (No. 5) and valse by Rubinstein. Mr. Plunket Greene sang some songs in his usual artistic style.

The new drill-hall, apartments, and offices, erected in the west court of Somerset House, for the headquarters of the Civil Service Volunteer regiment, have been completed at a cost of £3500. The Duke of Connaught, on behalf of the Prince of Wales, the Honorary Colonel, on Saturday evening, April 23, opened this building, and commended the regiment for its excellent condition. His Royal Highness was accompanied by Lord Methuen, the General commanding the Home District. Colonel Mills was at the head of the regiment.

The *Times* has opened its columns to a quaint correspondence about the wrongs of pedestrians, who are oppressed by the tyranny of cyclists. For instance, "Two Sisters" make the appalling declaration that they are greeted with aggressive peals of the cyclists' bells, and that the riders actually salute them with topical snatches like "Ta-ra-na-Boom-de-ay." Another pedestrian says that whenever he sees a cyclist coming he levels a stick with a steel point at the base intruder. If all pedestrians were to behave in this fashion the police would have an arduous time.

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**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S**  
CHLORODYNE. Vice-Chancellor for W. Bage Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to—see the "Times," July 13, 1884.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S**  
CHLORODYNE. The Hon. J. H. Russell, M.P., stated in the House of Commons that he had used Chlorodyne, and he expressed his great confidence in its effect, and that the only remedy of this nature in the market was Chlorodyne—see "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1883.


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Class 80, 803 guineas. Class 81, 813 guineas. Class 82, 823 guineas. Class 83, 833 guineas. Class 84, 843 guineas. Class 85, 853 guineas. Class 86, 863 guineas. Class 87, 873 guineas. Class 88, 883 guineas. Class 89, 893 guineas. Class 90, 903 guineas. Class 91, 913 guineas. Class 92, 923 guineas. Class 93, 933 guineas. Class 94, 943 guineas. Class 95, 953 guineas. Class 96, 963 guineas. Class 97, 973 guineas. Class 98, 983 guineas. Class 99, 993 guineas. Class 100, 1003 guineas. Class 101, 1013 guineas. Class 102, 1023 guineas. Class 103, 1033 guineas. Class 104, 1043 guineas. Class 105, 1053 guineas. Class 106, 1063 guineas. Class 107, 1073 guineas. Class 108, 1083 guineas. Class 109, 1093 guineas. Class 110, 1103 guineas. Class 111, 1113 guineas. Class 112, 1123 guineas. Class 113, 1133 guineas. Class 114, 1143 guineas. Class 115, 1153 guineas. Class 116, 1163 guineas. Class 117, 1173 guineas. Class 118, 1183 guineas. Class 119, 1193 guineas. Class 120, 1203 guineas. Class 121, 1213 guineas. Class 122, 1223 guineas. Class 123, 1233 guineas. Class 124, 1243 guineas. Class 125, 1253 guineas. Class 126, 1263 guineas. Class 127, 1273 guineas. Class 128, 1283 guineas. Class 129, 1293 guineas. Class 130, 1303 guineas. Class 131, 1313 guineas. Class 132, 1323 guineas. Class 133, 1333 guineas. Class 134, 1343 guineas. Class 135, 1353 guineas. Class 136, 1363 guineas. Class 137, 1373 guineas. Class 138, 1383 guineas. Class 139, 1393 guineas. Class 140, 1403 guineas. Class 141, 1413 guineas. Class 142, 1423 guineas. Class 143, 1433 guineas. Class 144, 1443 guineas. Class 145, 1453 guineas. Class 146, 1463 guineas. Class 147, 1473 guineas. Class 148, 1483 guineas. Class 149, 1493 guineas. Class 150, 1503 guineas. Class 151, 1513 guineas. Class 152, 1523 guineas. Class 153, 1533 guineas. Class 154, 1543 guineas. Class 155, 1553 guineas. Class 156, 1563 guineas. Class 157, 1573 guineas. Class 158, 1583 guineas. Class 159, 1593 guineas. Class 160, 1603 guineas. 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Class 201, 2013 guineas. Class 202, 2023 guineas. Class 203, 2033 guineas. Class 204, 2043 guineas. Class 205, 2053 guineas. Class 206, 2063 guineas. Class 207, 2073 guineas. Class 208, 2083 guineas. Class 209, 2093 guineas. Class 210, 2103 guineas. Class 211, 2113 guineas. Class 212, 2123 guineas. Class 213, 2133 guineas. Class 214, 2143 guineas. Class 215, 2153 guineas. Class 216, 2163 guineas. Class 217, 2173 guineas. Class 218, 2183 guineas. Class 219, 2193 guineas. Class 220, 2203 guineas. Class 221, 2213 guineas. Class 222, 2223 guineas. Class 223, 2233 guineas. Class 224, 2243 guineas. Class 225, 2253 guineas. Class 226, 2263 guineas. Class 227, 2273 guineas. Class 228, 2283 guineas. Class 229, 2293 guineas. Class 230, 2303 guineas. Class 231, 2313 guineas. Class 232, 2323 guineas. Class 233, 2333 guineas. Class 234, 2343 guineas. Class 235, 2353 guineas. Class 236, 2363 guineas. Class 237, 2373 guineas. Class 238, 2383 guineas. Class 239, 2393 guineas. Class 240, 2403 guineas. 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## MUSIC.

Mr. August Manns put forward a programme of eleven interesting items for his benefit concert at the Crystal Palace on April 23. Not a single novelty was included among them, which was rather unusual, for the popular conductor generally makes it his business to find something fresh for the delectation of his supporters on this annual occasion. However, to make up for it, he introduced for the first time to an English audience Dr. Joachim's pupil, Fräulein Gabriele Wietrowetz, a young lady whose talents had lately awakened considerable admiration amid a select circle of musicians here. The result was eminently satisfactory, even though it robbed Miss Fanny Davies of the gratification of presenting to her compatriots (as she intended doing at her concert on May 4) so gifted and promising an exponent of the greatest of all violin schools. Truth to tell, Fräulein Wietrowetz made a very favourable impression indeed. Her rendering of the Mendelssohn concerto was characterised by well-nigh irreproachable correctness of technique and intonation, and by a degree of warmth and impulse that betokened an unusually highly strung artistic temperament. It was not, perhaps, the absolute beauty of the player's tone that captivated the ear so much as the intelligent grace of her phrasing, the purity of her expression, the elegance of her bowing, and the spontaneous feeling and charm that generally distinguished her style.

As a testimony of his never-censing regard for the claims

of native talent, Mr. Manns fitly opened his scheme with Mr. Hamish MacCunn's overture, "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," which he vouchsafed its first public hearing in the autumn of 1883. Our opinion of this clever and interesting work has not been modified after frequent hearings. The story of the stirring old Scottish ballad is about as graphically depicted as it can be by music's aid. The themes have a genuinely Scotch character, which connoisseurs can instantly distinguish from the "base imitation"; while their treatment is not less remarkable for technical resource than for dramatic colour and effective contrast. In short, there is not a dull bar in the work, and hence the favour with which it has been indisputably received on both sides of the Border. As usual, it was splendidly played under Mr. Manns's guidance, and very warmly received. The pianist of the concert, Miss Fanny Davies, took part in Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia," besides playing in her own delightfully refined manner one of the "Lieder ohne Worte" and a tarantella by Rubinstein. A faultless rendering of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" was another of the treats of the afternoon; while the chief vocal items were contributed by Madame Nordica, Madame Marie Mély (Countess van den Heuvel), Mr. Braxton Smith, and Mr. Andrew Black.

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch may fairly flatter himself that his efforts to revive and popularise the chamber music of the old English masters are beginning to attract notice, if not actually to bear substantial fruit. Such enterprises need

much encouragement, and we feel it to be a duty as well as a pleasure to lay stress upon the excellence of the work that Mr. Dolmetsch is doing. At present he gives his "concerts upon the viola, the lute, and the harpsichord" in a studio at No. 20, Fitzroy Street, W., but we hope the time will come when he will appeal to such a largely increased circle that a much more commodious locale will become requisite. His programmes are made up of compositions of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries—"the works of those musicians who once lent to the English school its great reputation." For instance, the selection performed on the evening of April 23 included pavans for five viols and harpsichord, by Thomas Weeke and Micho; a fantasia for five viols, entitled "Desperavi," by Michael Easte; a suite in F for four viols, by M. Locke; a suite by Dr. C. Colman; and songs by Thomas Campion, T. Morley, and unknown composers of about the same period, with accompaniments for the lute and viol-da-gamba. The charm of this old-world music is, to cultivated listeners, irresistible, and its neglect is incomprehensible. Mr. Dolmetsch, who is an admirable performer and a first-rate teacher, thoroughly appreciates the genius of these bygone masters, and understands how to bring the beauty of their works home to the amateurs of to-day. He is, moreover, assisted by an earnest band of exponents, all of whom, it is evident, take a profound interest in their share of the good work. The success of the undertaking ought, therefore, only to be a matter of time.



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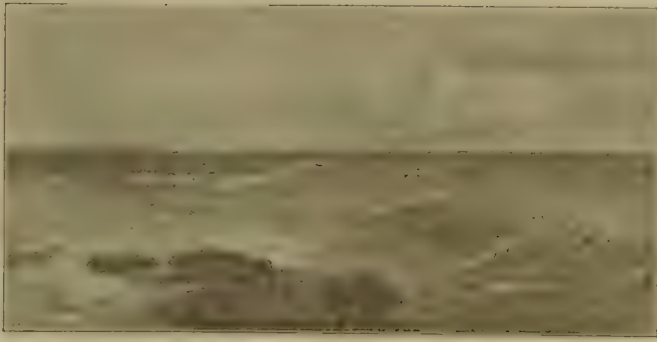


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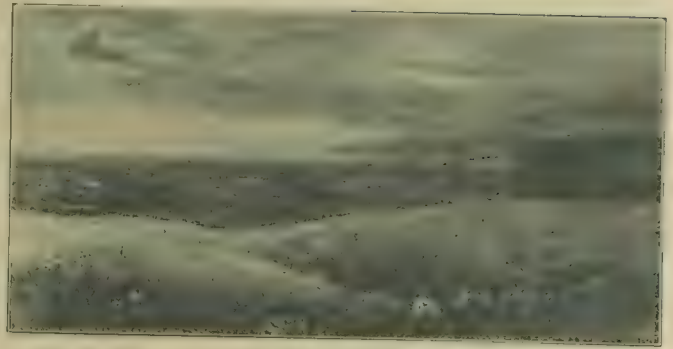


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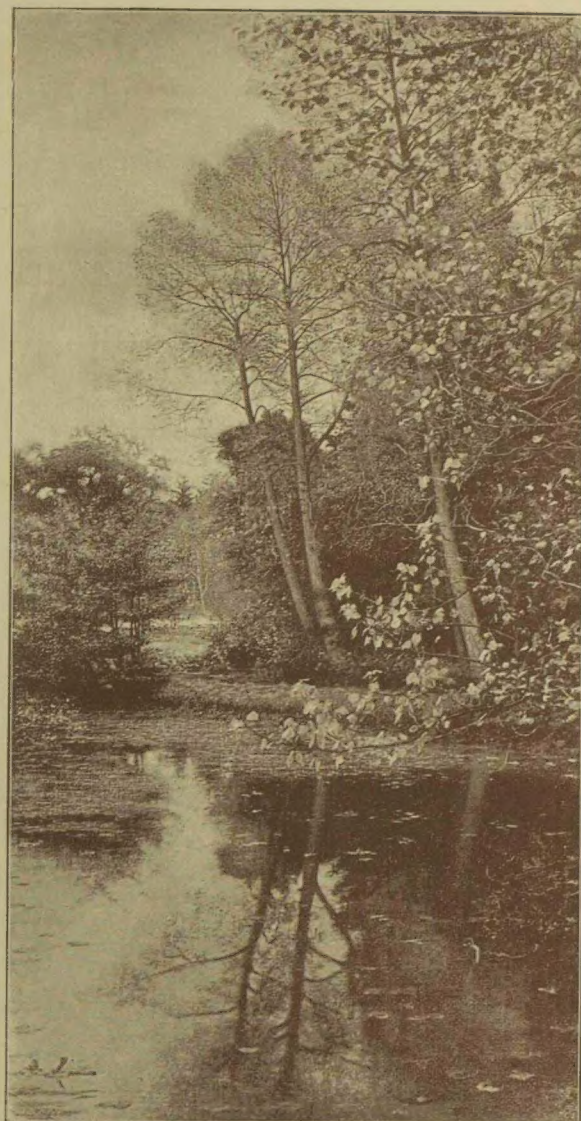




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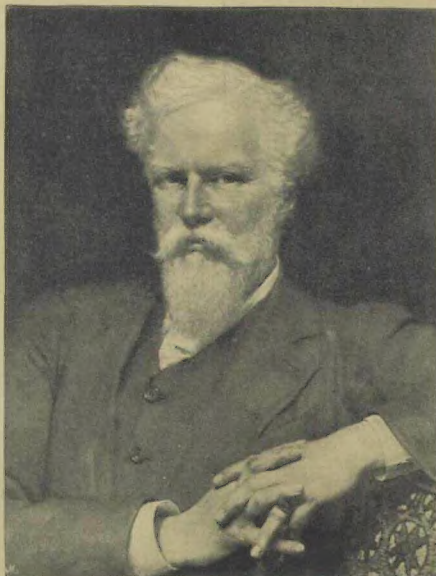
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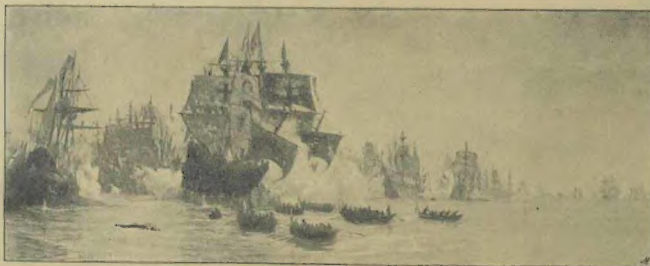
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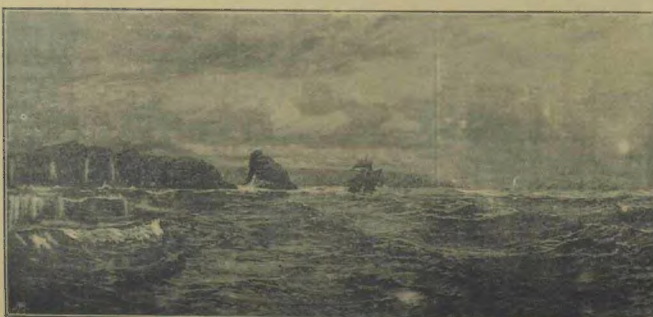
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